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HIBERNICI

SERIES ULTIMA
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ERRATA.

Page 9, for "huic melior, huic sapientior," read "cui melior, cui sapientior."

151, for "cælitus," read "cælitis."

157, for "six" read "eight."

165, for "nimio" read "nimis."

IN SERIES II.

Page 3, for "fide" read "fidem."

5, for "late of Oriel" read "late of Balliol College."

21, for "persequentem" read "propinquantem."

57, for "redeuns" read "rediens."

„ for "meque memento precor" and for "meque memento simul" read "Sis memor usque mei."

89, for "jecur rupit" read "jecur ipse rupit," and add the initials "F. W. N."

CANTUS HIBERNICI.

SERIES TERTIA.

“LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.”

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
When Malachi¹ wore the chain of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader :
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-branch knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve is declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining :
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
Thus, sighing, look back through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.²

¹ “This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.”—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i, book 9.

“LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.”

In mentem veniant anni tibi, Erina, priores,
Quum nondum soboles perfida prodiderat;
Quum Malachi ornabant aurata monilia collum,
Quæ quondam aggresso victor ab hoste tulit:
Per varios casus, viridantia signa moventes,
Quum reges equitum prænituiere duces;
Et nondum ornârat peregrinî gemma coronam,
Gemma per occiduas tam bene nota plagas.

Ut piscator adit lymphas vergente palustres
Sæpe die, ad ripam dum tenere moræ,
Cernit ibi turres antiqua mole rotundas,
Quæ sub tranquillo fonte micare solent;
Sic non immemores dum nos insomnia ludunt,
Surgent præteriti temporis acta diu;
Et simul annorum series visenda sub undis,
Longum lapsa tamen, quæ decora alta tegunt.

² It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden over-flowing the country round was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the ecclesiastical towers under the water.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of tomorrow's strife,
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life ;—
Oh ! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free !
Like the daystar in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Mid the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
Happy is he, o'er whose decline
The smile of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the vale of years ;
But oh ! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white ;
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimmed his glory's light :
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then !
Hark ! the horn of combat calls ;
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round !

ANTE PRÆLIUM.

Per spes ab imo pectore quæ saliant
Præsagientes crastinum periculum;
Solem per illum, cui comites venient
Jam vincla libertasve, vita morsve:
Næ tu memento, liber homo nisi vivat,
vita nil huic attulerit volupe.
Velut sub unda Vesperus, occubat heros,
rore conspersus populi lacrimarum:
Beatus is, cui signa oculo e tenero
Domi coruscant dulcia, dum properat
Ætas inertī prona; sed ille vigens,
Victoriæ qui corruiť in gremio,
O quam magnifice quiescit!

Super favilla deficiente vigil
Nunc pallet vultus² hoſti excubanti,
Certamen illud dum meminit, tenebris
Quod jam suos confuderit nitores:
Quam tum catenam rupimus, hanc iterum
Ne nectat! en! cornu vocat acre viros!
O vina si victoribus hocce prius
Nobis ministret, quam flagret occiduus sol;

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken e'en at victory's sound :
But oh ! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightings show'd the distant hill ;
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still :
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd ;—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by ;
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die ;
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

Tum multa sistent frigore corda fero
 Sopita, quæ nunc pulsus agit calidus ;
 Nec, victor etsi Mars vocet ipse, resurgunt :
 Dormit at feliciter hic, lacrimis
 Quem gentes venerantur orbæ.

F. W. N.

 POST PRÆLIUM.

Victoris hostis nox cohibebat iter,
 Collemque monstravere procul positum
 Fulgura, qua reliqui
 stetere pauci languidique,
 Ex acie intrepidi tremenda.
 Spes militaris, ardor amans patriæ,
 Retusa, fracta, tempus in omne jacent :
 Quis miseros cruciatus
 dicet heroum, quibus jam
 Nil nisi vita decusque restat ?

Virtutis acris munera, somnia li-
 bertatis,—ægre, sed tamen, intereunt ;
 Et taciti vigilant,
 Dum fulgor Auroræ resurgat
 Ultimus, irradietque mortem.
 Est orbis, in quo libera mens habitat,
 Nec, quæ Deus dat gaudia, cæca hominis
 Vis temerat. Aditus
 Si mors nitentes huic recludat,
 O ! juga quis ferat hinc superba ?

F. W. N.

“TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE, &c.”

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill :
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as e'en you require ;
But oh ! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you :
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair,
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
T'wards you and home ;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet ;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

"TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE, &c."

Aufer virgineam sic mihi paginam,
Inscriptam notulis, qualis erat prius,
Nullis; huic melior, huic sapientior
 Nostrâ conveniet manus.
Luci consimiles, quæ placeant tibi,
Castæ proveniunt semper imagines;
Sed, quod pluma notat casta vocabulum,
 Flammis urit Amor suis.

At servare sinas dextera me librum,
Cujus quum memori lumine paginas
Lustrabo, repetet sæpe animus tuam
 Velox effigiem meus.
Tu candore nites, candidus est liber;
Tuque es candidior, candidior liber,
Quam cui credat amans impius impia
 Stulti vota Cupidinis.

At, quum luminibus devius ex tuis
Errâro, miseris casibus obrutus,
De te deque domo tum melius mea
 Forsan pectora sentiant;
Tum bis terve manus carmina lumine
Haud indigna tuo forsitan exaret,
Queis grata niteant luce neque ardeant
 Flammis verba furentibus.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star,
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray ;
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

“THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART, &c.”

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love, as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features
are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far ;
It is not that cheek,—'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so
dear ;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven lies there !

Tum, qualis memori, qui mare navigat,
Res gestas calamo nauta suas notat,
Cui, dum carpit iter per vada frigida,
 Astri vis favet abditi ;
Sic, quæ verba notem, quos ego turbines
Perpessus fuerim, non alio modo
Narrent ! instabilis dum vagor, abdito
 Adsis tu mihi lumine !

A. H. W.

“THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART, &c.”

Corda mea hand noscunt, unquam qui sordida
 terræ

Misceri credunt hoc in amore tui ;
Qui credunt, primo nitidam te flore juventæ
 Cernere, et innocuæ posse nocere tibi ;
Sicut ubi florem solis circumspicit ardor,
 Roscida quo vultu munera tollat idem.

Haud ita— luce sua quanquam frons iste nitescat,
 Purior irradiat lux tua corda tamen ;
Non facies te pulcra, rubor sed in ore pudicus,
 Et caram reddit mens ita culta magis.
Æthera sicut ubi aspicimus jucundius, etsi
 Splendentem, cœli quod domus ipsa patet.

“OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT, &c.”

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
Or as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with tomorrow to lighten my brow:
No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl and be happy awhile!
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear which enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile which compassion can turn to a
tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to
my mind:
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship
securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.

“OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT, &c.”

Ne cor tam lætum semper, vacuumque dolore,
Quam nunc est visum credite adesse mihi;
Nec risus hilares, mihi nunc de pectore natos,
Sperate haud alios eras fore in ore meo!
Nam vita est tardarum horarum tristis eremus,
Campus iners, raro qua rosa grata rubet;
Atque animum, imprimis qui gaudet floribus,
illum

Eheu! imprimis plurima spina fodit.
Sed vinum tandem profundite, mittite curas!
Nil nobis vivis nequius adveniat;
Quam lacrymæ, tingant quas dulci gaudia risu,
Et risus, pietas quos agat in lacrymas!

Diù nôrunt quam nigra excurrant stamina vitæ,
Hæc nisi pingat amor, pingat amicitia;
Sitque mihi æterna cito morte quiescere, quando
Non animo existent hæc bona cara meo.
Sed qui sinceros et summos fovit amores,
Sors huic sæpe fuit somnia flere sua;
Et qui confidens multis credebat amicis,
Quam felix, si non omnia falsa, fuit!

But send round the bowl! while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be
mine;—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our
decline!

“FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE, &c.”

Fairest! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee:
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her:
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows,
That Love has just been crowning.

Fundite sed vinum ! dum vir, dum fœmina, veri
Quid colet, in votis hoc erit usque mihi :—
Ut recreet juvenes, veluti sol, lumen amoris,
Placet amicitiae lux, quasi luna, senes !

“FAIREST ! PUT ON AWHILE, &c.”

Has, quæ luce micant, quas ego do tibi,
Has, formosa ! leves indue pennulas,
Ut mecum Viridem jam super Insulam,
(Mente evecta) Tuam, sidera pervoles.
Plumæ nam rutilæ numquam Arielicæ,
Quum lucem occiduus sol premit auream,
In tam floriferos incubuere agros,
Quam quos, me comitans, aspicies statim.

Agros, perpetuum Ver ubi parturit,
Et vultum radiis objicit igneis
Quos sol axe vibrat, nec clypeum sibi,
Præter quem lacrymæ dant riguæ, petit.
Et ducam cito te per juga, quæ nigrans
Auguste decorat myrtea silvula ;
Ceum virgo eximias magnanimi comas
Bellatoris amans frondibus implicat.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air
He hath been won down by them :
Types, sweet maid ! of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lest fall in lonely weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
Where freedom's fleets can anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee ;
Oh ! let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious,
Thinking how man hath curst
What heaven had made so glorious.

Et te tam nitidas mox feram ad insulas,
Ut non propter eas ulla avis advolet,
Quin, ducta illecebris, litora quas habent,
Illuc ætherea deveniat plaga :
Sunt, virgo ! et similes illecebræ tibi,
Cui risus lepidos, oraque lubrica,
Nunquam cernit Amor, quin, veniens polo,
Ad te præcipiti deproperet fuga.

Accedesque lacus, qua latet unio,
Speluncasque, diu gemma ubi dormiit,
Fulgens, ut lacrymæ, quæ nitidissimæ,
Fles quum sola, tuis ex oculis cadunt :
Et valles humiles, quo mare se rapit,
Ventorum ut rabiem defugiat feram ;
Et portus, ubi nunc invenit optimum
Libertas ratibus perfugium suis.

Tum si, dum radiant hæc tibi splendida,
Dum cuncta hæc oculis, cuncta animo placent,
Pectus forte tuum gloria sublevet,
Quod quæ, Nympha ! vides patria sunt tua,
Eheu ! corda tibi commoveat dolor,
(Huic tristis fugiens gloria det locum,)
Quod, quæ dextra Dei fecerat optima,
Hæc mens stulta hominum pessima reddidit !

J. S. W.

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months that round the sun
In light link'd dance their courses run,
Sweet May! shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May! returns to me:

Of all the bright haunts where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake! thou art dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed¹ for him,
Who dwells, bright lake! in thee.

Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed! most joy to thee;

¹ The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his white horse may be found in Weld's account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this legend of the lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Maia! tu reddis jubar inter omnes
Pulcrius menses mihi, quæ choreas
Circiter solem celebrant; adorto
Lumine Maiæ,
Quippe qui restat juvenis sub imo
Gurgite extemplo redit in supernos
Ætheris tractus; lacus O coruscans
Vespere sero,

Quum dies tingit radiis moratis
Montium late auriferum cacumen,
Semper es summæ mihi caritatis,
Gaudiaque affers ;
Naiades nam tunc, simul ac Aprilis
Ultimus sol decedit, en ! caballum
Instruunt illi tua qui sub undis
Incolit arva.

Inter et puleros quoque tu caballos,
Principes crista eximios ferentes,
Te magis lætum decorant honores,
Cui color albus ;

imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May morning, threw herself into the lake.

Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair steed ! as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave, scattering flowers
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the sweet May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love ! I'll die for thee.

“WHEN FIRST I MET THEE, &c.”

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,

Quique, quum ridet nova veris ætas,
Principem carum mihi de profundis
Hujus ex imo barathro paludis
Invehis ardens.

Qualis et veli fluitat nivosi
Carbasus, quando ratis est in æquor
Acta jam primum, juba dissipatur
Alba caballi :
Et lacûs spargunt adytis ab imis
Flosculos nymphæ, fluvios natando
Dum secant circum, decorantque sertis
Teque equitemque.

Omnium certe minime dolenda
 Virginum mors munc erit ista, pro te
 Cui sub his undis, redeunte Maiæ
 Vespere primo,
 Sponte succumbam, simul ac recedunt
 Ex meis infra fluvios ocellis
 Rursus hic splendens eques et caballus,
 Tempore Maiæ.

“WHEN FIRST I MET THEE, &c.”

Ut prima vidi te juvenem, fides
Te tanta promissi decuit, tuis
Tot vera inhærebant labellis,

I did not dare to doubt thee :
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story ;
Or found, in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory :
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

E'en now, though youth its bloom hath shed,
No lights of age adorn thee ;
The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee :
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;

Credere vix penitus timebam ;
Mutante tandem te, mihi firmior
Spes crevit, etsi perfidus omnibus
Fias, putavissem perenni
Te mihi consocium catena.
Sed ito, fallax ! cor tenerum meum,
Quod non pudebat credere tam malo,
Te spes inanes excitante,
Dixeris hoc meruisse fatum.

Narrante fama stultitias tuas,
Implevit aurem fabula non meam ;
Culpis in ipsis et futuri
Semina tunc decoris videbam :
Me, me fidelem noveris, obfuit
Dum quisque mox consanguineus comes ;
Et corda tunc pro te fuissent
Fracta tua lacerata fraude.
Sed ito, fallax ! mox quoque forsitan,
Quum jam voluptas irrita fugerit,
Tu pectorum desertiorum
Tu miser excipies dolorem.

Nunc, dum juventæ flos periit, senis
Non ulla honesti lumina te decent ;
Fastidit assentator omnis,
Nec tibi jam superest amicus.
Servile nocturni hospitii pecus
Mensas frequentat ; non ibi nexibus
Cratera plebs festis coronat ;

The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it :
Go, go ! though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When e'en those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever :
On her, who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee ;
And gladly died, to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee :
Go, go ! 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

“WE MAY RÔAM THROUGH THIS WORLD, &c.”

We may roam through this world like a child at a
feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,

Qualis ut est nitor in sepulcris,
Prætexit algens cor facili tamen
Frons læta risu ; sed abito tu !
Non hasce mutarem nocenti
Ipsa tuo lacrymas triumpho.

Et forsán adsit, perfide ! mox dies,
Quum vincla tandem luxuriæ ruent,
Illamque nequicquam vocabis,
Quæ minime reditura fugit :
Quæ te sinistris casibus obrutum
Libenter olim et læta receperit ;
Mortemque jam, si te, subiret,
Crediderit, velut ante, fidum ;
Sed ito, fallax ! objicere, et preces
Diras inane est mittere, nec magis
Tu possis invisus videri,
Quam scelus et pudor extulerunt.

“WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD, &c.”

Ut puer ad festum, percurrere possumus orbem,
Ad dulce a dulci quem volitare juvat ;
Et quando Eoa languet regione voluptas,

We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes ;
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery plac'd within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briary fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warns the touch, whilst winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels :
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock, its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye,

Nosmet in Occiduam penna parata ferat :
At si ridentes oculi, si corda benigna,
Præcipue a cælo dona petenda forent,
O ! non tale procul debemus quærere munus,
Insula quod profert undique nostra virens :
Pocula dum spumant, erres quocunque, memento,
Sive per Eoas occiduasve plagas,
Fæmina subridens quum propinabitur, omnes
Illecebras nostrum tunc meminisse decet.

Anglia custodem posuit materna draconem,
Qui proprias dubia lege pudoris habet ;
Haud tamen insomnis custos tam sæpe quievit,
Ut tutamentis hortus inanis eget ;
O ! multo melior nexata cynosbatos esset,
Sepimen florum quam pia servat Erin ;
Tangi quæ nonvult, dum sensus attrahit omnes,
Depellensque magis, non minus ipsa placet.
Pocula dum spumant, erres quocunque, memento,
Sive per Eoas Occiduasve plagas,
Fæmina subridens quum propinabitur, omnes
Illecebras nostrum tunc meminisse decet.

Fortunam tentare, Hymenæum vela per æquor
Quum cordi, ut cymbæ, Gullica nupta dedit,
Raro vadit Amor fragili in tam nave per undas,
Sed funem soloit, tunc valedictus abit :

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar ;
Through billows of woe, or beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore :
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

“SING, SWEET HARP ! OH ! SING TO ME, &c.”

Sing, sweet harp ! oh ! sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise :
Some lay, that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of noble pride now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone :
Sing, sad harp ! thus sing to me ;
Alike our doom is cast :
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

Dum facile ad remum, nullo certamine fessum,
Ridentem juvenem servat Hiberna suum ;
Per tumidos fluctus, vel per tranquillius æquor,
Idem est, quem vidit ripa relictæ, puer :
Pocula dum spumant, erres quocunque, memento,
Sive per Eoas Occiduasve plagas,
Fæmina subridens quum propinabitur, omnes
Illecebras nostrum tunc meminisse decet.

“SING, SWEET HARP! OH! SING TO ME, &c.”

Dic, cithara nostra ! dic mi
Priscum rogata carmen,
Et, mæsta cogitanti,
Vetera resuscitabis :
Famam sones caducam,
Cui lux abacta fugit ;
Lapsos canas superbos,
Et spes per alta mersas ;
Hæc, cithara ! dic gemiscens ;
Mala sors mihi tibi que est ;
Præsens nihil movet nos,
Præterita sola tangunt.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh !
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by :
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame ;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad harp ! the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh ;
In vain I seek an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate list'ning to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all :
But no ! they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery :
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep ;
The dead, at least, are free :
Hush, hush, sad harp ! that heavy tone,
That knell of freedom's day ;
Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
Let me too die away !

Quam mæsta noctis aura
Tua fila blanda pulsat,
Ceu quærat anxia echo
Vocum diu silentum !
Desiderat duces, qui
Celebres fuere quondam,
Vatesque, honore claros,
Quos atra nunc premit nox :
Frustraque noctis aura
Tua fila blanda pulsat,
Frustraque quærit echo
Vocum diu silentum.

An mortuos vocares,
Qui rure regiaque
Sonos tuos bibebant,
Cantu potente capti ?
Noli ! suos dolerent
Jugum subire sævum :
Ah ! dormiant quieti,
Nec vincla dura nôrint !
Ne, cithara ! sic querare
Quod libera occidit lux ;
Vel, audiens gementem,
Et ipse morte condar !

J. S. W.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone, when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn to night,
 Was Love, still Love :
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam ;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As Love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last ;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame ;
And at every pause she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Heu ! abiere dies, quum vinclis alma solebat
Mollibus hoc nostrum cor retinere Venus ;
Somnia quum nostræ semper dulcissima vitæ
Nocte dieque dabat nil nisi solus Amor.
Spes nova florescat, meliorique omine surgant,
Et sub sole micent propitiore, dies ;
Sed tam suave nihil longissima vita datura est,
Somnia quam primus quæ referebat Amor.

Tollatur fama meliori forte Poeta,
Quando effusa simul lapsa juvena perit,
Illi si fuerit sapientes antea sævos
Ad risus etiam conciliare datum ;
At nunquam inveniet, maturæ tempore famæ,
Gaudia honorato tam pretiosa seni,
Quam quum fæmineas olim cantabat ad aures,
Quæ fidi docuit, pectoris æstus, Amor ;
Et quoties nomen sacrum vox edidit istud,
Fæmineæ toties erubuere genæ.

No :—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first Love trac'd ;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste ;
'Twas odour fled,
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
Oh ! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

“HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR, &c.”

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee !

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !

Nil delere potest sacratam ex mente figuram,
Quam primam in pueri pectore fixit Amor;
Ad loca deserti memoris florentia semper
Pectoris assidue forma morata manet,
Effuso similis, subito qui fugit, odori,
Auroræ præstans somnia vana novæ;
Lux erat ad seræ torpentia flumina vitæ,
Lux erat, heu ! iterum non reditura mihi !

“HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR, &c.”

O quam cara mihi hora revertit, qua moritur lux
Dia, marique ardens sol liquet in tacito ;
Tum de præteritis gratissima somnia surgunt,
Suspiratque tibi vespere cura memor.

Et dum contueor, qua lucida linea mollem
Præterludit aquam, solis in exsequias,
Aurea me lactat radiorum semita, tanquam
Nescio quæ sileat insula clara retro.

F. W. N.

“WEEP ON! YOUR HOUR IS PAST, &c.”

Weep on, weep on! your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more:
In vain the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on! perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise,
That now must sleep in blame:
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest at length the lord and slave;
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

'Twas fate, they'll say, a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love;
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profan'd what God hath given;
'Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to heav'n!

“WEEP ON! YOUR HOUR IS PAST, &c.”

O flete, flete prorsus! hora vestra
Spesque præteriit superba;
Fatalis en! vos impedit catena,
Nec jam restat honor virilis:
Frustra cruorem forte cor profudit,
Frustra lingua sagax monebat;
Nec flamma semel extincta rursus unquam
Libertas! tua fulget.

Sed flete prorsus: hique amare forsan
Posthac nomina vestra discent,
Quum multa, turpi nunc sepulta culpâ,
Mox laudanda viris resurgent.
Insistet ut quis insulæ ruinis,
Servos quæ teget ac tyrannos,
Stupebit, ut vi quiverit domari
Virtus tanta malignâ.

Fato, patebit, pervicace fato
Vobis dissiluisse corda;
Odisse nempe vestra, junxit illos;
Vos sed nullus amor ligavit:
Nam digna caritas soli rejecta,
Spreta relligio sacrorum est;
Quam genibus alter dum piis honorat,
Probris inquinat alter.

“IF THOU’LT BE MINE, &c.”

If thou’lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet,
Whatever in fancy’s eye looks fair,
Or in hope’s sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou’lt be mine, love!

Bright flow’rs shall bloom, wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heav’nward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
To be bath’d by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this, and more, the spirit of Love
Can breathe o’er them who feel his spells;
That heaven which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou’lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

“IF THOU’LT BE MINE, &c.”

Per deos, oro, mea sis, et omnes
Aeris gazæ, maris, atque terræ,
Sub tuis præsto pedibus jacebunt,
Si mea fies.
Quicquid invictum specie videtur,
Quique sunt dulces sonitus canendo,
Certa dum spes est, aderunt utrique,
Si mea fies.
Induet tellus, ubicunque gressum
Tendimus, flores; fluviusque circum,
Vox ut æthralis, strepitabit omnis
Murmure dulci:
Regna felicitatis reagent amoris
Astra conspectu radiosa nostro;
Somnio fiet similis placenti
Fabrica mundi.
Et voluntates animos tenebunt,
Collibus quales fluvii ex supinis,
Fonte diductæ placido et remoto,
Si mea fies.
Spiritus tanti potis est Amoris,
Donec illectu trahimur perenni;
Hic et in terris ubicunque vult nunc
Ponere gressus,
Atrium cæli, domus ista felix,
Splendet haud Divûm minus ac in arvis;
Tuque cælesti solio frueris,
Si mea fies.

“HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES.”

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night!
When rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet Love has echoes truer far,
And far more sweet ;
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath'd back again.

“HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES.”

O quam jucunde spirat reparabilis Echo,
 Quum lyra nocte sonat!
 Aut quum, vel lituo, vel claro concita cornu,
 Exsilit e latebris,
 Dumque fugit volitans per saxa, per arva, lacusque,
 Cuncta audita refert!

Verius at multo vox blandi spirat Amoris,
 Verius et melius,
 Quam quum vel citharæ dulci, sub lumine lunæ,
 Clarisonæve tubæ,
 Vel cornu arguto, fugiens per rura, lacusque,
 Echo audita refert!

Hoc fit, quum caræ suspiria grata puellæ
 Mittit amans juvenis,
 Corde suo ducens quæ sola exaudiat illa
 Auribus ipsa suis,
 Et juveni caro suspiria pectore reddit
 Cara puella suo.

J. S. W.

“I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.”

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue :
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright ;
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me :
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee :
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year,
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love !
That long sparkled o'er our way ;
Oh ! we shall journey on, love !
More safely without its ray :

"I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME."

Spes, quæ me fugiunt leves, dolerem,
Si risus fugerent tui nitentes ;
Flerem, quum capiunt dolis amici,
Si tu tunc pariter fores dolosa.
Sed, dum te video mihi benignam,
Cui fulgent oculi, calentque corda,
Nubes non poterunt mihi incubare,
Vultûs namque tui statim fugat lux.

Sors haud ulla mihi potest nocere,
Quæ mî non rapiat tuos amores :
Nullæ deliciæ mihi placebunt,
Partem si nequeas habere mecum ;
Nam de te breve somnium fugaxque
Anno a te melius procul peracto est,
Quamvis lætities mihi supremas
Reddat te sine, quâ unice calebo.

Et spes jam rutilæ licet recedant,
Quæ nostræ radios viæ dederunt,
Nos illam usque tamen viam sequemur,
Absque harum radiis beatiores :

Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam ;
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt :
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads ;
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

“I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE, &c.”

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush ! not here ;—
Oh ! not where the world its vigil keeps ;
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the spirit of silence sleeps ;
Where summer's wave un murmuring dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush ;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith chidingly, Hush, sweet, hush !

Lumen namque aliæ faces dabunt mi,
Et ducent ubi adhuc datur vagari ;
Mens in pectore quæ mihi coruscat,
Risusque ante focum tui sereni.

Sic quum lampada contegunt tenebræ,
Quam carpebat iter ferens viator,
Tum casu subito stat obstupescens,
Prodire et dubitat diu timetque ;
Sed mox, quum omnia clariora fiunt,
Astrorum ad radios viam retentat ;
Nec lumen melius putat futurum,
Quam quod distribuit polus per umbras.

J. S. W.

“I’VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE, &c.”

Est mihi secretum, tibi quod nunc dicere vellem,
Attamen excubias non ubi mundus habet ;
Ut tibi voce loquar demissa, litora quæram,
Qua jacet æternum spiritus ipse silens ;
Qua nulla æstatis producant murmura lymphæ,
Nec fontis capiunt Naiades aure sonum ;
Qua si furtivos edat Philomela susurros,
Increpat, et dicit tum rosa, “ cara, tace ! ”

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shalt, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip ;
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heaven, “ Hush, all, hush ! ”

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o’er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

Illic, forte inter tranquilla silentia noctis,
Quum se vix tingunt sidera in Oceano,
Tu quoque, tum dulcis multo sub flore roseti,
Labra premens digito, muta sedebis ibi :
Qualis, ad Ægypti natus prope flumina Nili,
Assidet æternum, nec movet ora, puer :
Sed, quum dat sonitum superasque ascendit in
 auras,
Vox solum auditur dicere blanda, “ Tace !”

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

En rosa, quæ cunctis superest, quot protulit æstas,
Sola vigens ! stipat pulcra nec una comes :
Nullus adest de stirpe sua flos alter adultus,
Nulla soror teneros explicitura sinus,
Ipsa parem reddat quæ proxima juncta ruborem,
Suaviter et spirans afflet odore pari.

Non ibi te, deserta ! sinam languere relictam ;
Sit tibi, cum pulcris quæ requiere, quies !
Sic folia in terram spargo tua mente benigna,
Qua pereunt sociæ nunc sine odore tuæ.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

"NO—NOT MORE WELCOME THE FAIRY
NUMBERS, &c."

No—not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near ;

Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain ;
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell ;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling,
Of all my soul echo'd to its spell !

Talis, amicitiae mihi cum devincta tenaci
 Pectora tabuerint, ocyus ipse sequar!
 Ipse sequar, gemmæ ex illa cum quæque corona
 Exciderint, cujus luce renidet amor!
 Decutiat fidos, rapiat modo funus amantes,
 Solus in hoc algens quis ferat orbe domum?

G. B.

“NO—NOT MORE WELCOME THE FAIRY
 NUMBERS, &c.”

Non dormienti gratior
 Permulsas numeris suis
 Cantus fascinat aures,
 Quando, ex quiete vix vigil
 Dirâ, cælicolas putat
 Conspirare canoros;
 Quam venit illa vox, ubi
 Desertum penitus meum
 Longus cor sopor ursit,
 Frigens; quasi ejus haudqueat
 Pulsus ad teneros sonos
 Faustosque evigilare.
 Qualis per intortam means
 Concham spiritus insonat
 Æstatis; penetrales
 Clam fusa per sensus mei
 Solatrix animi respon-
 sum vox alma cievit.

'Twas whisper'd balm, 'twas sunshine spoken !
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.

“NIGHT CLOS'D AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S
WAY, &c.”

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill ;
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still ;
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd,—
Oh ! who shall say, what heroes feel
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task mov'd slowly by ;
While mute they watch'd, 'till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die :
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that bright world's opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

Susurrus ipse vulneri
Lenimen, tenebris jubar.
O ! quam degere vellem
Annos dolore torpidos,
Si demum tenero sono
Tam fausto recrearer.

F. W. N.

“NIGHT CLOS'D AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S
WAY, &c.”

Nox victoris iter fuscis prætexuit alis,
Conspicuousque procul fulgure collis erat ;
Hæret ubi, amissa post tot discrimina pugna,
Rara, sed haud ullo pressa timore, manus.
Militis omnino quum spes est obruta, nec jam
Cor grave natalis fervet amore soli,
Dicere quis poterit quæ pectore senserit heros,
Cui vita et solus denique restat honos ?

Ultima libertas tarde sua somnia ducit,
Ultimus exagitur roboris ipse labor ;
Dum taciti invigilant, donec lux prima resurgens
Afferat optatam, quo moriantur, opem.
Attamen orbis adest, quo libertate fruuntur,
Nec teget infami labe tyrannus agros ;
Si mors in talem præclara adduxerit orbem,
O ! quis in hoc tristis ferret herile jugum ?

“FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, &c.”

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle :
Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle !

Sages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions ;
And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions :
So we sages sit,

And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Would'st thou know, what first
Made our souls inherit

“FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, &c.”

Jam jam replete pocula!
Nam vina quæ tristissimæ
Per ora Curæ spargimus,
Illius en ! rugas fugant.
Ignisque mentis flammeus
Per pectus haud unquam volat
Tam vividus, quam quum scyphis
Succenditur flammantibus.
Jam jam replete pocula!
Nam gutta nulla tetricæ
Per ora Curæ spargitur,
Quin fronte rugam diluat.

Possunt, ut affirmant, sophi
Raptare pennas fulminis,
Faciesque cælo fulgidas
Ex arduo deducere :
Et nos sophi sedemus hic,
Carchesia inter Bacchica,
Et mentibus, cælo quasi,
Divina tela ducimus.

Rogasne nobis in sinum
Tantam quid ardentis meri

This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us;
The careless youth, when up
To glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in;
But oh! his joy—when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smoothes away a wrinkle.

(Mortale quod beat genus)
Sitim benigne fuderit?
Respondeo, Tunc temporis
Quo fortis, ut vates canunt,
Cælo Prometheus abstulit,
Quâ nostra mens calet, facem,
Vir ille, præceps heu ! nimis,
(Utcunque gloriæ appetens)
Haud vasculum secum tulit,
Quo conderet furta ignea ;
Gavisus est at maxime,
Quum, supera scrutans atria,
Stellas nitentes inter, en !
Bacchi videret poculum.

Inerantque pauca vina, quæ
Heri voluptas fuderat,
Quibusque fulgebant bene
Mixtæ ingenî scintillulæ :
Hinc vividi calix meri
Tam fortiter nos allicit ;
Hinc corda sic mortalium
Vi Bacchus incendit sua.
Jam jam replete pocula !
Nam gutta nulla tetricæ
Per ora Curæ spargitur,
Quin fronte rugam diluat.

J. S. W.

“HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED, &c.”

How oft has the Benshee cried !
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love !
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth !
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth !
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave !

We're fallen upon gloomy days ;
Star after star decays ;
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled :
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth !
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Oh ! quench'd are our beacon lights :
Thou, of the Hundred Fights !¹
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung !²
Both mute ;—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

¹ “This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, p. 433.

“HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED, &c.”

Fatalis quoties vox Furiae strepens
 Audita est! quoties compedis annulos
 Fregit mors fera, quos Gloria nexuit
 Claros, seu teneros Amor!
 Forti cuique quies sit bona mortuo!
 Fidum quemque oculum fletus alat tener!
 Ploret cum nitidâ virgine vir diu,
 Qua vir strenuus occubat.

Atris nos tenebris excipiunt dies:
 Stellæ lux alii post aliam perit;
 Et jam cuncta, quibus patria lucidum
 Fulsit, nomina defluunt.
 Si qui amissa dolent gaudia, vel suas
 Spes nunquam reduces, luridus hos premit
 Ægror: sed lacrimis splendor inest tepens
 Herois feretro super.

Ah! exstincta cadunt lumina nostra! Tu,
 Centum qui suberas prælia; Tuque item,
 Cui linguâ ex calidâ pax bona, veritas,
 Libertasque pependerit.
 Obmutescit uterque; ast animosa vis
 Dum claret, bonitasque arma vetat gemens;
 Ierne memorans, quæ fuerint iis
 Mors et vita, superbiet.

F. W. N.

“Con, of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb,
 and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!”

² Fox, “Romanorum ultimus.”

“IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT
SHED, &c.”

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him ;
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's
fled,

Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him ;
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded,
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Oh, thus shall we mourn ; and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve
them ;

For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them :
And, as buried saints have shed perfume
Through shrines where they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying.

“IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT
SHED, &c.”

Non illa, quam nunc lacrimam profundimus,
Quum vix cespite frigido
Carum condidimus caput,
Signare, quam dilectus obierit, queat,
Vel quantus penitus dolor
Tentet corda gementium :
Sed illa, quæ recursat e longo gravis,
Vitæ gaudia posteræ
Flebili maculâ linens ;
Qualis memoria cordis hæret intimi,
Quum, si quod levius situm est
Vulnus, tempore marcuit.

Sic usque lugeamus : at mens conscia,
Hujus luce fruens, novas
Virtutes memor imbibet :
Probitasque nobis veritasque pulcrior
Splendebit, reputantibus,
Quantum has vivus amaverit.
Atque ut sepulti jamdiu sancti viri
Halitu (bene creditur)
Ex se templa replent bono ;
Sic suavis efflorescet ex imagine,
Finxit quam moriens simul,
Nostris gratia cordibus.

CARMINA

QUÆDAM

ANGLICANA

LATINE REDDITA.

“Proposito florem prætulit officio.”

Propert. Lib. i. Eleg. 20.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were placed around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound ;
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.
 Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seat above,
 Such is the power of mighty love.
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode :

ALEXANDRI FESTUM.

Regale festum partâ agebat Perside
 Victor Philippi filius.
 Celsus verendâ dignitate, ceu Deus,
 Heros in solio desidet imperî ;
 Circa magnanimi ex ordine Principes,
 Tempora præcincti myrto, sertisque rosarum,
 Virtutem ut decet ornari, feliciaque arma.
 Ad latus Regi speciosa Thais,
 Qualis Eoi nova nupta Solis,
 Gloriâ formæ nitidoque fulgens
 Flore juventæ.
 Felices ambo! felices ; Non nisi Fortis,
 Non nisi Fortis erit Formosæ dignus amore !
 Jamque chori medius melici, celsissimus ipse,
 Timotheus digitis citharam fugientibus urget,
 Et trepida ad vastum ascendunt modulamina
 cælum,
 Gaudiaque inspirant cælestia.
 Ab Jove principium ; canit ut sedesque beatas
 Liquerit et supera, — omnipotens vis jussit
 amoris ;
 Ignea dissimulare Deum tum forma draconis ;
 Spiritis sublimis radiantibus incedebat.

When he to fair Olympia press'd :
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity they shout around :
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :

 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
 sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :

 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

 Bacchus, ever fair and young,

 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;

Ad pulcram properans fertur Olympiam ;
 Mox pectus niveum petit,
 Circum se gracilem flectit imaginem,
 Exemplarque sui simile imprimit, arbitrumque
 mundi.

Interea vulgus bibit aure sonantia verba,
 Mirantesque, Deus ! præsens Deus ! undique
 clamant ;

Præsentemque Deum laquearia summa retor-
 quent.

Rex delenitis

Auribus audit ;

Assumitque Deum,—nutumque affectat Olympi !
 Cælum quateret ipse videtur.

Tum Bacchi laudes fidicen dulcissimus addit ;

Bacchi, qui juvenis semper, semperque venustus ;

Evœ ! triumpho lætus adest Deus !

Inflate cornu—tympana consonent ;

Vultum verecundum recludit

Purpureo nitidus decore.

Quin tibiis jam plenius—venit, venit !

Bacchus, juventâ perpetuâ novus,

Primus bibendi gaudia tradidit ;

Thesaurus, evœ ! dona Bacchi ;

Vinaque militibus voluptas !

Dives Thesaurus ;

Dulcis Voluptas ;

Dulcis post dura Voluptas .

Sed sono mulcetur et insolescit

Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
 slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good ;

By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures ;

Rex ! et exactas iterare pugnâs,
 Ter fugare hostes properat, ter ipsos
 Cædere cæsos.
 Insaniam consurgere conspicit
 Magister ; ardere effera lumina,
 Genasque flagrantés ;—at Ille
 Spernit ut astra furensque terras,
 Mutat manum, superbiamque reprimít !
 Musam petit nunc lugubrem,
 Mollemque misericordiam quæ infundere
 Possit—Darium canit, heu ! magnumque bonum-
 que,

 Fato nimis severo
 Ut cecidit, cecidit,—cecidit de vertice summo
 Suo obvolutus sanguine !
 Et deserunt egenum,
 Quos pavit ipse dives—
 Et jacet in terrâ solus gelidâ ; neque amicus
 Unicus astare, ut moribundi lumina claudat.
 Dejectis oculis sedet, amotoque lepore,
 Victor, mutato volvens mortalia corde
 Fata, vices rerum varias ;
 Et singultus identidem
 Surgere furtivus, lacrymæ et cadere incepere.
 Risit magister magnus, ut vidit gradu
 Latere Amorem proximo ;
 Nam facile erat movere cognatum sonum,
 Solvitque mentem Amore Misericordia.
 Molliter dulcis, cito flectit ægrum
 Ad voluptates animum, modisque

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The Prince unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head :
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,

Lydiis mulcet ; simul ipse, Plena,
Plena laborum
Bella ! Quid belli nisi inanis aura
Gloria ? instat perpetuo, neque unquam
Desinit, pugnans sine fine, et ardens
Perdere cuncta !

Si merito tibi cura fuit devincere mundum,
Sit, precor, O ! partis sit tibi cura frui.
Assidet, aspice, Thais amabilis !
Tu quoque, quod Deus obtulit, arripe !
Ingenti feriunt vulgus supera ardua plausu ;
Sic redimitus Amor ! sed causæ Musica victrix.
Nescius impressum Princeps celare dolorem,
Formosam spectat, quæ fecerat ipsa, Puellam,
Suspiratque videns—iterum videt, et suspirat—
Suspirat spectans iterum !
Denique jam vino, pariterque oppressus amore,
Labitur, inque sinu victor victus requiescit !
Eja ! auream nunc pulsa iterum lyram,—
Atque altior, sit nunc modus altior !
Perrumpe devincti soporem,
Concute, ceu tonitru sonoro !
Auditis ? audite—horribilis sonus
Caput levavit ; de tumultu velut
Qui suscitatur mortuorum, et
Impatiens oculis vagatur !
Vindicta ! clamat Timotheus ;—ferum
Videtis agmen surgere Erinnyum ?
Videtis erectos colubros ?
Sibilus ut furit in capillis,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
 Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sound,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Scintillaque ardet lumine sævior !
 Horrenda turba ut constitit,—aspice,
 Cujusque dextram fax obarmat !
 Spectra ea Graia perempta bello ;
 Atque insepulta adhuc jacent,
 Et indecoro in pulvere.
 O ! perge pœnas poscere debitas
 Forti catervæ ! conspicias ut faces
 Jactent in altum, Persicisque
 Devoveant domibus ruinam ; et
 Templa notent infensorum radiantia Divôm !
 Quin jam lætitiâ plaudunt Proceres furibundâ ;
 Torrem Rex rapit, et vastandi flagrat amore ;
 Thais,—viamque ducere,
 Lucemque prædæ offundere ;—
 Altera tanquam Helene, dedit altera Pergama
 flammis.
 Sic in remoto sæculo,
 Cum neque anhelantes nôssent suspiria folles,
 Muta et tacerent organa ;
 Timotheus potuit spirantis fistulæ ad auram,
 Et citharam sonantem,
 Vel tumidis animis crudeles incutere iras,
 Vel commovere mollius cupidinem.
 Diva tandem Cæcilia ipsa venit,
 Organi inventrix,—opibus canora
 Quæ sacris, sancto impatiens furore, ex-
 tendit avitos
 Angustiores terminos,
 Solemnibusque longitudinem sonis,
 Ingenio Naturæ, ignotis artibus, addit.
 Palnam Timotheus vetus resignet,

Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Dryden.

SONG.

O memory, thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe :
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

Goldsmith.

EPIGRAM.

God says, I will have the whole heart or none ;
 And yet He will accept a broken one.

Ambo aut dividuum gerant honorem ;
 Evexit hic Mortalem ad usque sidera,
 Deduxit illa Cœlitem.

R. W.

CARMEN.

Indigna credi, Mnemosyne, tuum est
 Humana semper fallere gaudia,
 Acti voluptates reducis
 Temporis, et reduces acerbas !
 Tu plebis instar, tu miseros premis,
 Risuque falso mæstitiam foves,
 Lugetque qui raptos amores
 Usque tuo cruciatur ictu.

J. W. T.

EPIGRAMMA.

“ Da mihi cor totum vel nullum ! ” sic Deus inquit ;
 Ipse tamen fractum cor Deus accipiet.

N. L. T.

THE ALMA.

Though 'till now ungrac'd in story,
 Scant although thy waters be,
 Alma! roll those waters proudly,
 Roll them proudly to the sea!
 Yesterday unnam'd, unhonour'd,
 But to wandering Tartars known,
 Now thou art a voice for ever,
 To the world's four quarters blown.
 In two nations' annals written,
 Thou art now a deathless name;
 And a star for ever shining
 In the firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river,
 Crown'd with city, tower, and shrine,
 Little streamlet! knows no magic,
 Has no potency like thine;
 Cannot shed the light thou sheddest
 Around many a living head;
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest
 To the memories of the dead:
 Yea:—nor all unsooth'd their sorrow,
 Who can, proadly mourning, say;
 When the first strong burst of anguish
 Shall have wept itself away;
 He has pass'd from us, the lov'd one,
 But he sleeps with them that died
 By the Alma, at the winning
 Of that terrible hill-side.

ALMA FLUVIUS.

Sis licet exiguus, nec adhuc memorabilis, Alma!

Ast hodie claras in mare volvis aquas;

Te, nisi quis Scythicus palans per aperta viator,

Vidit heri nemo; nil nisi nomen eras:

Ast hodie te voce sua, per sæcula cuncta,

Trans mare, trans terras, fama secunda feret.

Gallia quos scribit, scribit quos Anglia fastos,

Te memorant; genti sidus utrique micas.

Plurimus egregias urbes qui sustinet amnis

Illecebris cedit, rivule parve! tuis:

Nam veluti cinctus magico certamine circum,

Rivule, delenis conscia corda virum.

Viventes etenim perfundis lumine læto,

Et memor illustras nubila cæca necis:

Nec nulla lacerum tanget dulcedine pectus,

Quum primo ex oculis cesserit imbre dolor.

Qui triste exultans poterit dixisse, videbo

Nunquam ego te posthac, frater amate mihi!

Sed recubas heros, interque heroas, ad Almam,

Ausus lethiferi scandere colla jugi.

Yes—and in the days far onward,
 When we all are cold as those,
 Who, beneath thy vines and willows,
 On their hero beds repose ;
 Thou, on England's banners blazon'd,
 With the famous fields of old,
 Shalt, where other fields are winning,
 Wave above the brave and bold :
 And our sons shall nerve them for
 Some great deed to be done ;
 By that twentieth of September,
 When the Alma's heights were won.
 O thou river, dear for ever
 To the gallant and the free,
 Alma ! roll thy waters proudly,
 Roll them proudly to the sea !

Trench.

“FATHER ! AWAKE ; THE STORM IS LOUD.”

Father ! awake ; the storm is loud,
 The rain is falling fast ;
 Let me go to my mother's grave ;
 And screen it from the blast !
 She cannot sleep ; she will not rest ;
 The wind is roaring so :
 We pray'd that she might lie in peace ;
 My father ! let us go.

Et quum nos etiam velabunt nubila noctis,
 Ut quos condit ibi vitis et alba salix,
 Alma! tuum nomen decorabit signa Britannûm,
 Ad nova facta ciens fortia corda virûm :
 Seraque posteritas, mensis memor atque diei,
 Quo flueret croceis Tauricus Alma vadis,
 Pro patria pugnans veteres renovare triumphos
 Gestiet, et laudem carpere Marte suo :
 O! quem libertas, quem virtus diligit, Alma,
 Semper ovans undas in mare volve tuas!

J. W. D.

“FATHER! AWAKE; THE STORM IS LOUD.”

Surge, pater! nimbi crescunt et aquosa procella;
 In matris tumulum sæviet acer hyems :
 Nec somnum, nec habere sinent ea flabra quietem;
 Pax foret ut tumulo non valere preces.
 Sit saltem hæc inter caræ tutamen; eamus!
 Surge, pater! nostram, nec mora, demus opem!

Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep,
 To heed the wind that blows ;
 There are angel charms that hush the noise
 From reaching her repose :
 Her spirit in dreams of the blessed land
 Is sitting at Jesus' feet ;
 Child ! nestle thee in mine arms, and pray
 Our rest may be as sweet !

Alford.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect queen of Eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye ;—
 So Beauty lures the full grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild,
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, clos'd in tears :
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;

Parvule, siste metum! ventus fremat, ingruat
imber;

Mater in hos nullam, parvule, poscit opem :
Altior æthereos illi tutela sopores

Comparat, et nullo somnia rupta Noto :
Ante pedes Christi jacet, expectatque salutem ;
Ista et nos ora pax juvet, ista quies !

W. J. L.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

Pennis ut ostro tollitur æmulis
Quæ ver Eoum papilio regit,
Per gramen invitans smaragdo
Lucidius puerum sequacem ;
Mox has et illas detinet ad rosas
Fessum vagandi, nec bene prodigum
Horæ ; relinquit dein anhelum
Alta petens, madidoque vultu ;—
Per spes adultum sic puerum trahit
Metusque vanos tam rutilo nitens
Splendore, tam pennata, virgo ;
Cæpta miser flet inepta sero.
Vincas :—ad unum virgine prodita
Vermique fatum, par superest dolor
Utrique ; seu lascivus infans,

A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
 Hath lost its charm by being caught ;
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away ;
 'Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.

Lord Byron.

“ASK ME NO MORE, MY TRUTH TO PROVE.”

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,
 What I would suffer for my love ;
 With thee I would in exile go
 To regions of eternal snow ;
 O'er floods by solid ice confin'd,
 Through forest bare with northern wind ;
 While all around my eyes I cast,
 Where all is wild, and all is waste.

If there the timorous stag you chase,
 Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,
 Undaunted I thy arms would bear,
 And give thy hand the hunter's spear :
 Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
 Or in its rocky cells below,

Sive virûm dederit libido
 Cor inquietum, ac vivere tristiter.
 Sectamur acres dulcia; quæ simul
 Prensamus, amisere formam;
 Suasor enim digitus morandi
 Sensim colores proterit aureos,
 Donec recessit gratiaque et color,
 Virtusque, postremumque nullo
 Aut fugient comite, aut peribunt.

C. S. C.

“ASK ME NO MORE, MY TRUTH TO PROVE.”

Rogare nolis quæ paterer mala,
 Testans amoris non dubiam fidem;
 Tecum exul æternis ad arva
 Ire velim nivibus gelata:
 Fluenta tecum trans glacialis,
 Nudamque sævis silvam Aquilonibus,
 Omnes ubi in partes tuenti
 Squalor adest, sterilisque terra.

Damam volenti tum trepidam sequi,
 Genus lacesces sive ferocius,
 Ego arma portare, daremque
 Tela tua jaculanda dextra:
 Impendet alti montis ubi jugum,
 Antrumve præbent saxa, ibi rustica

Thy rural feast I would provide,
Nor envy palaces their pride.

The softest moss should dress thy bed,
With savage spoils around thee spread;
While faithful love the watch should keep,
To banish danger from thy sleep.

Tollet.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.
Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

Convivia apponam, domosque
 Despiciens, epulasque regum.

Musco paratum tu premeres torum,
 Cinctus ferinis exuviis jacens;
 Tutumque præstaret per horas
 Fidus amor vigilans soporem.

W. D.

VIRTUS.

Qui dies splendens, gelidus, serenus,
 Nuptias terræ celebras polique,
 Nox tuam fletu decorabit urnam

Interituri.

Purpura fulgens rosa quæ micante
 Efficis, spectator ut ora vertat,
 Ipsa radices agis in sepulchro,

Moxque peribis.

Dulce ver, tempus geniale florum,
 Dulcium ceu cistula suaviūque,
 Te negat leto caruisse Musa,

Mox perituram.

Cedere at virtus generosa nescit,
 Ceu diu siccis data ligna ventis;
 Igne quæ toto pereunte mundo

Vivere cœpit.

A. H. W.

REBECCA'S SONG, FROM IVANHOE.

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along th' astonish'd lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;
 And Sion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze ;
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day ;
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray :
 And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

REBECCÆ CARMEN.

Quum gens Isacidum, Domino gens cara supremo,
 Exhibat sævo, libera facta, solo ;
 Ipse Deus patrum, fumo vestitus et igne,
 Ibat terribilis duxque comesque viæ :
 Per gentes nebulis incincta columna diurnis
 Attonitas lentum deproperabat iter ;
 Flava Arabum noctu percussa repercutit ignes,
 Quodque dedit lampas, reddit arena jubar.

Carmina laudantûm repetebant mœnia cœli ;
 Tympana reddebant et tuba mista sonum :
 Virgineosque hymnos intercinit ipse sacerdos ;
 Militis est duri vox comitata modos.
 At jam nulla hostes implent portenta timore,
 Defessosque trahit gens tua sola pedes ;
 Quum Tua noluerint agnoscere jussa parentes,
 Quæ placeant ipsis, jam sinis ire vias.

Ipse tamen præsens, oculis licet abditus, audis,
 Lucida si dederit prosperus ora dies ;
 Sit tua fixa animis, magnum munimen, imago,
 Quo fallax oculis molliat alma jubar :
 Et quando Abramidis errantibus incubet horror,
 Quumque frequens tenebris nimbus opacet iter ;
 Sis patiens scelerum, neu devoret ira nocentes,
 At lampas populo surge nitorque tuo !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,
 And flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice !

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
 Like snaw when its' thaw, Jean ;
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae cauld there, Jean ;
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.
 Ye were aye leal an' true, Jean,
 Your task's ended noo, Jean ;
 And I'll welcome thee
 To the land o' the leal.

¹ This Song is wrongly attributed to Burns in the
 "Anthologia Oxoniensis," p. 66.

Liquimus heu! dulces citharas Euphratis ad undam,
 Regi ludibrium barbaricæque gregi;
 Thure sacro nostræ redolent non amplius aræ,
 Cymbala non edunt, non tuba clara, sonum:
 Ast Ego nulla ovibus (Domini sunt verba) caducis
 Gaudia percipio, nulla cruore caprûm;
 Quæque mihi arrident dona acceptissima, mentes
 Demissæ, et sceleris conscia corda sui.

W. M. G.

REGNA FIDELIUM.

Tabesco, mea Phidyle,¹
 Liquuntur tepidis ut zephyris nives;
 Tabesco, et pia Manium
 Accedo properans regna fidelium:
 Illic omnis abest dolor,
 Absunt immodici spicula frigoris;
 Aprici nitor ætheris
 Mulcet perpetuo regna fidelium.
 Semper fida comes viro,
 Nunc es muneribus functa tuis; ego
 Te post excipiam libens,
 Quum, dimissa, petes regna fidelium.

¹ Rusticæ mulieris nomen. Horat : Od. 23. Lib. iii.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
 Oh ! we grudg'd her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul langs to be free, Jean ;
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weal, my ain Jean,
 This warld's care is vain, Jean ;
 We'll meet an' aye be fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Baroness Nairne.

“WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY.”

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray ;
 What charm can sooth her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away.

The only charm her shame to cover,
 And hide her guilt from every eye,
 To bring repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

Goldsmith.

Illic filia, quæ proba,
 Quæ formosa fuit, nunc viget; acriter
 Quam questi sumus invidi
 Nobis abstrahere hinc regna fidelium.
 Ah parcas lacrymis! ego
 Nam luctor fieri liber, et alitum
 Tollens cælicolûm cohors
 Ad secura feret regna fidelium.
 Jam tu, cara mihi, vale!
 Nil prosunt hominum hic vana negotia;
 Nullo non hilares die
 Jungent nos iterum regna fidelium.

G. B.

“WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY.”

Fæmina quum fallit sacræ connubia tædæ,
 Seriùs et falsos invenit esse viros,
 Sors sua tam tristis qua sit medicabilis arte,
 Abreptumque decus quid revocare potest?

Est una heu! miseræ tanti medicina doloris,
 Est locus opprobrium quo tegat ipsa suum;
 Criminis et memorem juvenem cruciare puella
 Ut possit tandem mors sua sola valet.

J. W. T.

FROM "PALESTINE."

Oh ! lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal,
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ?
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
The dull lethargic sovereign of the breast :
Be his the life that weeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock of Parian marble shine :
Then hallow'd peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ;
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head :
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd beneath the Bactrian bow ;
From the moist regions of the western star,
The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.

Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came ;
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;

E PALÆSTINA.

Estne vir in terris vano qui pectora fastu
 Plena gerens, cultumque Dei contemnere præceps,
 Heu ! nimium sapiens talem deridet amorem ?
 Tristis hyems animi, somnique ignavia mater,
 Illius infamant vitam ; dum labitur ætas,
 Sensus abest, torporque simillima mortis imago
 Occupat ; et pariter lacrymas et gaudia nescit.

O quantum majora movens distabat ab isto
 Fida manus, pulcras olim quæ condidit ædes,
 Et sacrum Pario struxit de marmore templum !
 Tum pax alma iterum felici risit in urbe,
 Fumârunt aræ, Solymæque inclaruit ævum.
 Illic cælatum rutilavit circiter aurum,
 Gemmæque insignes illic ; tot munera terris
 Nata sub Angliacis dedit olim regia conjux ;
 Illic barbarici duxerunt agmina reges,
 Armatique duces caput inflexere superbum ;
 Et quum miserunt turmas deserta furentes,
 Byzantîque arces timuerunt tela Medinæ,
 Quum graviore metu trepidans Asiatica tellus
 Undique Bactrorum fatales horruit arcus,
 Illic occiduis festinans miles ab oris
 Edixit Petrus bellum cum gente movendum.

O præstans animis et plenum viribus agmen !
 Cui crucis enituit signo lorica rubenti,
 Salve sancta cohors ! illic non tela sacerdos
 Respuit, induitur jaculis manus ipsa senilis ;

While beardless youths and tender maids assume
 The weighty morion, and the glancing plume ;
 In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
 The ponderous falchion, and the sunlike shield ;
 And start to see their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.
 The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran :
 Impatient death beheld his destin'd food,
 And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
 By Northern Brenn or Scythian Timour led ;
 Not such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore ;
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien
 advance,
 Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
 There, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
 Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ;
 There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
 And the dark tribes of slow-reviving Spain ;
 There, in black files, advancing firm and slow,
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
 Albion, still prompt the captive's cause to aid,
 And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's glorious
 blade.

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead !

Imberbes illic juvenes, teneræque puellæ,
 Arripiunt galeam, quatiuntque in vertice cristas ;
 Ingentem gladium, et clypei septemplicis orbem
 Tollere bellatrix gaudet, timideque recedit,
 Ut radians cernit Galilæo in marmore ferrum.
 Instat densa phalanx, generosus pectore sanguis
 Æstuat, ante aciem rubro fulgentia signo
 Panduntur vexilla Notis ; en ! labitur alis
 Desuper exultans promisso sanguine vultur.

Non tot nec tantas adduxit in arma catervas
 Brennus Hyperboreis olim demissus ab arvis,
 Non ita terribiles Scythica de gente Timurus ;
 Nec tali studio Graiorum vindice ferro
 Concurrere duces Trojanum evertere regnum.
 Hic Gallorum acies metuenda fronte coruscas
 Exponunt turmas, et spicula cornea torquent ;
 Hic Latii, Thracum sociata cohortibus, astant
 Agmina, vix belli duris assueta periclis ;
 Parte alia Austriacæ jungit se lethica genti
 Viribus insignis legio, et virtute novata
 Instruit exuperans fuscis Hispania natos ;
 Haud procul eximias arcu telisque phalangas
 Anglia, terrarum victrix, in prælia mittit,
 Anglia captivis properans afferre salutem,
 Et vitam dulci pro libertate pacisci.

Vos, o illustres animæ, duo fulmina belli,

Whose giant force Britannia's armies led,
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
 Lords of the biting axe, and beamy spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble cearments of the tomb!
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry.

Heber.

TO THE MEMORY OF PIETRO D'ALESSANDRO,

*Secretary to the Provincial Government of Sicily in 1848, who died in
 Exile at Malta, in January, 1855.*

Beside the cover'd grave
 Linger the exiles, though their task is done;
 Yes, brethren; from your band one more is gone,
 A good man and a brave.

Scanty the rites, and train;
 How many of all the storied marbles, set
 In all thy churches, city of La Valette,
 Hide nobler heart and brain?

Quorum jussa sequi fortes coiêre Britanni,
 Quorum acie in prima rutilantes hostibus enses
 Incussere metum, multis Edoarde ! triumphis
 Inclyte, tuque acer generoso corde leonis
 Dux, Ricarde ! tuis,—Anglos andite precantes,
 Rursus in adversos instate bipennibus ; arma,
 Arma iterum quassate manu, somnoque fugato,
 Rumpite marmorei feralia claustra sepulchri !
 Non minus egregia clari virtute parentum
 En ! renovant nati vestigia, et agmine facto
 Auxilium Solymæ gaudent afferre petenti,
 Et meruisse iterum Syriam certamine palmam !

N. L. T.

IN MEMORIAM, &c.

Propter sepulcrum, jam reposto cespitem,
 Mæsti morantur exules ;
 Et ille, amici ! flendus e vestro grege
 Decessit, ardens et probus.

En pompa parca ! sed, Valetta, quot scias
 Huic pectore, ingenio pares,
 Quorum quiescunt ossa sub templis tuis,
 Geruntque laudes marmora ?

Ah! had his heart been cold,
 Temper'd to make a sycophant or spy,
 To love hard truth less than an easy lie,
 His country less than gold,—

Then, not the spirit's strife,
 Nor sickening pangs at sight of conquering crime,
 Nor anxious watching of an evil time,
 Had worn his chords of life.

Nor here, nor thus with tears
 Untimely shed, but there, whence o'er the sea
 The great volcano looks, his rest might be,
 The close of prosperous years.

No! different hearts are bribed:
 And therefore, in his cause's sad eclipse,
 Here died he, with 'Palermo' on his lips,
 A poor man, and proscribed.

Wreck'd all thy hopes, O friend,—
 Hopes for thyself, thine Italy, thine own,—
 High gifts defeated of their due renown,—
 Long toil—and this the end!

The end?—not ours to scan:
 Yet grieve not, children, for your father's worth;
 Oh! never wish that in his native earth
 He lay, a baser man.

Si sycophanta, si dolosis artibus
 Fretus, sodales prodere et
 Deferre scîsset ; vera si mendaciæ
 Postponere, auro patriam ;

Non ira fædam respuens tyrannidem,
 Scelerisque felicitis pudor,
 Non cura rebus assidens, vitalia
 Trivisset illi stamina :

Nec hic, nec inter lacrymas cito nimis
 Nostras ademptus, verum ubi
 In litus Ætna despicit, quiesceret,
 Secunda nactus tempora.

Sed ista lucro non emenda pectora :
 Læva ergo fortunæ vice,
 Iniqua caræ fata Palermo gemens,
 Proscriptus et pauper perit.

Spes aucta dudum prorsus excidit tibi,
 Tuis, et Italiæ tuæ :
 O ausa digna præmiis ! heu, qualis est
 Tanti laboris exitus !

Sed exitum præscire non nobis datur :
 Et vos parentem, liberi,
 Laudate ; neu velletis in Trinacria
 Inhonestiora funera.

What to the dead avail
 The chance success, the blundering praise of fame?
 Oh! rather trust, somewhere the noble aim
 Is crown'd, though here it fail.

Kind, generous, true wert thou:
 This meed at least to goodness must belong,
 That such it was; farewell; the world's great wrong
 Is righted for thee now.

Rest in thy foreign grave,
 Sicilian! whom our English hearts have loved,—
 Italian! such as Dante had approved,—
 An exile—not a slave!

Henry Lushington.

THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fall'n, the poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town, and out of the street;
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat;
 And he sate him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

Quid mortuo, vixisse prosperas dies
 Dubiis cumulatam laudibus ?
 Cui mens in æquo perseverat, est ubi
 Manet corona clarior.

Te novimus fidelem, amabilem, bonum :
 Fuisse talem stat decus :
 Vale ! nocere desinunt injuriæ ;
 Ulcisciturque veritas.

Requiesce demum patrio procul solo,
 Britones quem amâmus Siculum ;
 Qualemque Dante comprobâsset Italum ;
 Etsi exulantem, liberum.

W. J. L.

POETÆ CARMEN.

Deciderant imbres ; progressus ab urbe Poeta
 Irradiata novo lumine prata petit ;
 Aura levis roseo solis spirabat ab ortu,
 Per sata mobilior fluctibus umbra ruit :
 Protenus umbroso porrectus membra recessu
 Divinus cecinit suave Poeta melos ;
 Obstupuit cassa vix fultus in aere penna
 Cynus, alauda polo decidit ante pedes.

The swallow stopp'd as he hunted the bee,
 The snake slipp'd under a spray;
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And star'd, with his foot on the prey;
 And the nightingale thought, I've sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay;
 For he sings of what the world will be,
 When the years have died away.

Tennyson.

“OF HOLIER JOYS HE SANG, &c.”

Of holier joys he sang, more pure delight,
 In other, happier, isles for them reserv'd,
 Who, faithful here, from constancy and right
 And truth have never swerv'd;
 How evermore the temper'd ocean gales
 Breathe round the hidden islands of the blest,
 Steep'd in the glory spread when daylight fails
 Far in the sacred west.

How unto them, far from our mortal sight,
 Shines evermore in strength the golden day;
 Where meadows with purpureal roses bright
 Bloom round their feet alway:
 And how 'tis giv'n to virtue to aspire
 To golden seats in ever calm abodes;
 Of mortal men admitted to the choir
 Of high immortal gods.

Trench.

Quin et apem sectata ferox dimisit hirundo,
 Dilapsus coluber delituitque rubo :
 Restitit accipiter, pluma litus ora recenti,
 Et spectans pavidum vix pede pressit avem :
 Deinde queri Philomela, Ecquis mea carmina nescit?
 Et tamen hos fateor me superare modos ;
 Qualis enim rerum nascatur grandior ordo,
 Post revoluta hominum sæcula mille, canit.
J. E. W.

“OF HOLIER JOYS HE SANG, &c.”

Gaudia sancta magis, magis incorrupta parari
 Beatiore concinit sub insula,
 Integris dum vita fuit ; quæ fasque fidesque
 Et culta rite veritas det assequi :
 Utque marina supra secretos usque piorum
 Agros susurret aura temperatius ;
 Agros, occidui saturet quos gloria Phæbi,
 Sacris in Occidentis ultimi locis.

Utque, procul nobis, tenebris procul omnibus, illos
 Inauret usque vividus micans dies ;
 Purpureis distincta rosis ubi gleba perenni
 Nitore crura condant ambulantium :
 Tanta dari castis : utque affectetur ab iisdem
 In aureis serena sedibus domus ;
 Mortalesque viros tamen immortalis in altum
 Receperit sedile numinum chorus.

C. S. C.

“AS ON A SUMMER’S DAY, &c.”

As on a summer’s day
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov’d,
 As her fancy mov’d,
 Came walking forth that way :
 And as she passed by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 “ What a shame,” quoth she,
 “ For a swain must it be,
 “ Like a lazy loon for to lie !
 “ And dost thou nothing heed
 “ What Pan our god has decreed,
 “ What a prize to-day
 “ Shall be given away
 “ To the sweetest shepherd reed ?
 “ There’s not a single swain
 “ Of all this fruitful plain,
 “ But with hopes and fears
 “ Now busily prepares
 “ The bonny boon to gain.
 “ Shall another maiden shine
 “ In brighter array than thine ?
 “ Up, up ! dull swain !
 “ Tune thy pipe once again
 “ And make the garland mine !”
 “ Alas ! my love !” I cried,
 “ What avails this courtly pride ?
 “ Since thy dear desert
 “ Is written in my heart,
 “ What is all the world beside ?”

Rowe.

“AS ON A SUMMER’S DAY, &c.”

Forte vitabam viridi sub umbra
 Solis æstivi radios calentes,
 Sponte quum nobis adamata virgo
 Devia venit;
 Illa me spernens oculis superbis
 Pergit, et pergens ait, “otiosum
 “Dedecet quantum jacuisse prono
 “Corpore vernam!
 “An parum curas statuuisse nostrum
 “Pana, se palman meritam daturum,
 “Cæteras si quæ superabit una
 “Fistula cantu?]
 “Quotquot hos agros coluere vernæ,
 “Spes habet cunctos dubios timorque
 “Artis ardentes propriæ potiri
 “Præmia festa.
 “Anne tu nympham patieris ullam
 “Me tuam claro superare cultu?
 “At piger! quidni tua det coronam
 “Fistula nobis?”
 “Quid tamen,” dixi, “quid, amica! prodest
 “Regios luxus petiisse?” amorem
 Dum tuum vivo meritis, per orbem
 Cætera temno.

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

A dying swan of Pindus sings,
 In wildly mournful strains ;
 As death's cold finger's snap the strings,
 His suffering lyre complains :
 The bard, to dark despair resign'd,
 With his expiring art,
 Sings, midst the tempest of his mind,
 The shipwreck of his heart.
 If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
 Or hover o'er his head,
 Her pinions are too weak to fly,
 Or Hope 'en now had fled.
 Rash minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
 Nor seek to share thy fire ?
 Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
 Nor execrate thy lyre ?
 The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
 When bursting into bloom,
 That lyre the power to genius gave,
 To blossom o'er thy tomb.
 Aye—till his memory fail with years,
 Shall Time thy strains recite ;
 And while thy woes excite his tears,
 Thy song shall charm his flight,

Montgomery.

CHATTERTONI MORS.

En! velut ad Pindum cyenus moribundus, atroces
 Concinit æumnas tristibus ille modis;

En! lyra, dum chordas resecat mors frigida, leges
 Injustas fati plorat acerba sui.

Nulla manent desperantem solamina vatem,
 Musa dat extremum jam peritura sonum;

Dumque animus magna mærorum exæstuat unda,
 Quæ furit ægroto corde ruina, canit.

Si tamen et propter vatem se librat in alis
 Spes, et adhuc circum pervolat alma caput;

Surripere illa cupit se dudum, at surgere in auras
 Robore pennarum deficiente nequit.

Quis temere, o demens, cantus exaudiat? ecquem
 Vivida vis animi non ciet illa tui?

Ecquis amet citharæ numeros, modo noverit istos
 Errores vitæ tantaque damna tuæ?

Jamque licet chordæ sileant, licet ipse rapaci,
 Primum efflorescens, morte peremptus eas;

Quæ tamen ingenio dederit suavissima vires,
 Flore novo tumulum scit decorare lyra.

Quid? tua venturi recinent modulamina vates,
 Nec teret annorum lapsus iniquus opus:

Quin cantum incendet tua mens diviniior ipso
 Afflatu, lacrymas dum tua fata cient.

W. M. G.

THE SON OF SORROW.

All lonely, excluded from heaven,
 Sate Sorrow one day on the strand;
 And, mournfully buried in thought,
 Form'd a figure of clay with her hand.

Jove appear'd: "What is this?" he demands;
 She replied; "'tis a figure of clay;
 "Show thy power on the work of my hands,
 "Give it life, mighty father! I pray."

"Let him live!" said the god, "but observe,
 "As I lend him, he mine must remain:"
 "Not so:" Sorrow said, and implor'd,
 "Oh! let me my offspring retain.

"'Tis to me his creation he owes:"
 "Yes," said Jove, "but 'twas I gave him breath;"
 As he spoke, Earth appears on the scene,
 And, observing the image, thus saith:

"From me, from my bosom he's torn,
 "I demand then what's taken from me:"
 "This strife shall be settled," said Jove;
 "Let Saturn decide 'tween the three!"

TRISTITIÆ FILIUS.

Deserta, et cæli regnis exclusa beatis,
 Tristitia undoso litore sedit iners;
 Dumque infelici sortem sub pectore volvit,
 En! limosa manûs forma retexit opus.

Jupiter adstabat, quærentique, "Hocine quid sit?"
 "Hæc," ait, "ex ipso forma creata luto:
 "Redde potestatis vestræ lætabile signum,
 "Huic, genitor, vitam, maxime! redde, precor."

"Hoc opus assumat vitam;" mandata dabantur;
 "Hoc opus at maneat tempus in omne meum:"
 "Haud ita"—Tristitiæ sic vox respondet; "at, oro,
 "O liceat sobolem me retinere meam!

"Me solam artificem agnovit;" sed Jupiter, "auras
 "Vitales," inquit, "solus ego ipse dedi:"
 Dum loquitur, venit alma parens, quæ Terra vocatur,
 Et, formam inspiciens, talia voce refert;

"Noster homo est, nostro est abductus pectore,
 qui sic
 "Abripitur nobis te, Pater, ipsa rogo:"
 "Componat litem Saturnus," Jupiter inquit;
 "Saturno hæc rata sit iudice rixa tribus."

This sentence the judge gave : “ To all

“ He belongs ; let no one complain ;
 “ The life, Jove ! thou gav’st him, shalt thou
 “ With his soul, when he dies, take again.

“ Thou, Earth ! shalt receive back his frame ;
 “ At peace in thy lap he’ll recline ;
 “ But, during his whole troubled life,
 “ He shall surely, O Sorrow ! be thine :

“ His features thy look shall reflect ;
 “ Thy sigh shall be mix’d with his breath ;
 “ And he ne’er shall be parted from thee,
 “ Until he reposes in death.”

The sentence of man then is this ;
 And hence man lies under the sod ;
 Though Sorrow possesses him living,
 He returns both to Earth and to God !

Household Words.

So much, my Pope ! thy English Iliad charms,
 As pity melts us, as passion warms,
 That after ages shall with wonder seek
 Who ’twas translated Homer into Greek.

Dryden.

Judicis en dictum ! “ Pariter suus omnibus iste

“ Pertinet, et questum sistat uterque suum :

“ Vitam quam dederas tu Jupiter ipse reposces,

“ Insimul ac animam, quum morietur homo :

“ Tu quoque, Terra ! iterum defunctum corpus
habebis,

“ Inque tuo gremio pace fruetur ibi ;

“ Attamen ætatis per tempora cuncta molestæ

“ Tristitiam matrem solus habebit homo :

“ Tristitiæ semper lacrymabilis induet ora,

“ Mixtaque singultu verba loquentis erunt ;

“ Et te, Tristitia, haud unquam evitaverit iste,

“ Donec in æterna membra quiete jacent.”

Hoc manet æternum sacri sententia cæli ;

Subter humum moriens hinc requiescit homo :

Quanquam Tristitia hunc cohibet, dum vescitur
aura,

Mortuus in Terram mox redit, inque Deum !

N. L. T.

Sic tua, seu lacrymis, Popi ! seu marte movemur,

Anglica lectores Ilias ista juvat ;

Ut, capta arte tua, quis Græce carmen Homeri

Reddiderit quondam discere sæcla velint.

J. E. W.

SONNET I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory ;
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Shakspeare.

SONNET II.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly

SONETUM I.

Ex illis cupimus, quæ sunt pulcherrima, prolem,
 Quo maneat formæ tempus in omne decus ;
 Et, defloruerit longo maturior ævo,
 Quo nomenque hæres effigiemque ferat :
 Tu pulcris tamen ipse tuis promissus ocellis,
 Escas ah ! flammis sufficis ipse tuis ;
 Hostis et ipse tibi, quo non crudelior alter,
 Qua satis et super est, hic facis esuriem.
 En ! decus agnoscit nitidum te maximus orbis ;
 Tu quoque Vertumni nuncius unus ades !
 Sed propria condis gemma decus omne juventæ,
 Et parca incedis prodigus usque manu.
 Ne durus manneas, vel sic avidissimus adsis ;
 Te rapiant opera mæsta sepulchra tua.

A. H. W.

SONETUM II.

Quanto forma oculis hominum formosior exstat,
 Cui decus addiderit non simulata fides !
 Est formosa rosæ species, sed propter odores
 Enitet ingenitos pulcrrior illa suos.
 Quas peperit silva incultas, his purpura sæpe
 Fulget odoratis haud secus atque rosis ;
 Sic pendent spinis, sic luxuriare videntur,

When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.
Shakspeare.

SONNET III.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's leaves have all too short a date :
 Some time too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
 And every fair from fair some time declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Shakspeare.

Ut gemmas tepidi dissoluere Noti :
 Externa his sed enim species est unica virtus,
 Neglectæ florent non aliterque cadunt ;
 Dispereunt totæ : sors at diversa rosarum est,
 Quarum conficitur funere suavis odor :
 Sic tibi erit, formose puer ! tua forma peribit,
 Vivet carminibus tempus in omne fides.

A. H. W.

 SONETUM III.

Num licet æstivo mihi te conferre diei ?
 Vultus amabilior, lenior ira tibi est :
 Concutiunt vernas Borealia flamina gemmas,
 Est nimis æstivi temporis hora brevis.
 Aureus interdum Phœbus ferventior ardet,
 Sæpius et pallet, nube tegente, jubar :
 Quæ placuere prius non tempus in omne placebunt,
 Casu, an lex summi sic ferat ipsa Jovis ?
 At non deficiet tua nec mutabitur æstas,
 Et quod habes pulcri disperiisse nefas.
 Nec mors, carminibus tua dum producitur ætas,
 Umbras jactabit te subiisse suas :
 Dum spirant homines, hominum dum lumina
 cernunt,
 Vivent, et vitam carmina nostra dabunt.

A. H. W.

SONNET IV.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view ;
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new :
Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

Shakspeare.

SONNET V.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;

SONETUM IV.

Confectum recipit lectus fessumque labore,
 Illa fatigatis artubus alma quies;
 Attamen in cerebro labor incipit inde viarum,
 Mens et opus, corpus dum requiescit, habet:
 Hinc etenim mea contendit—(procul est mihi
 sedes)—

Ad te longinquam mens studiosa viam:
 Lumina nec somnum capiunt, licet atra tenebris
 Nox, oculis cæcis sola videnda, premat;
 Tantum—namque animus sibi talia cogitat intus—
 Umbra meis oculis conspicienda venis;
 Quæ, noctis velut horrendis data gemma tenebris,
 Efficit, ut facies sit nova, pulcra, Deæ:
 Sic mea membra die, mea mens sub nocte laborat,
 Nulla ut sit nobis, ut tibi nulla, quies.

A. H. W.

SONETUM V.

Non timor hic noster, non quod res maximus orbis
 Venturas agitans numinis intus habet,
 Effecisse queunt, poscant modo fata, supremum
 Præmaturus eat quin meus ignis iter:
 Defecit crevitque iterum, ceu Cynthia, vita,
 Et vatem frustra præcinuisse pudet:

Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age :
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Shakspeare.

ODE TO APOLLO,

On an Inkstand almost dried up by the sun.

Patron of all those luckless brains,
 That, to the wrong side leaning,
 Indite much metre with much pains,
 And little or no meaning ;

Ah ! why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
 That water all the nations,
 Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
 In constant exhalations,

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
 Too covetous of drink,
 Apollo ! hast thou stol'n away
 A poet's drop of ink ?

Quod fuit incertum, certum est, oleisque decora
 Jam Pax perpetuas itque reditque vias :
 Jamque novo mihi rore madens incedit Alexis,
 Mors subjecta dolet legibus ipsa meis :
 Quæ licet obstiterit, tamen hoc ego carmine vivam,
 Dum subigit tacitos illa hebetesque viros :
 Tu quoque, quæ superent ærata sepulchra potentâm,
 Exstructa invenies hic monumenta tibi.

A. H. W.

CARMEN AD APOLLINEM.

Patrone vatum, qui stabiles parum
 Servare recti limina nesciunt,
 Et multa moliri laborant
 Carmina quam minimo sapore,

Quid, dum capaces Oceanus, lacus,
 Roresque, terras qui virides alunt,
 Illustre vectigal, vapores
 Perpetuos tibi largiuntur,

Ah ! quid moraris, tu sitiens nimis,
 Equos flagrant per medium polum,
 Parcusque lympharum, poetæ
 Phæbe ! bibis calami cruorem ?

Upborne into the viewless air,
 It floats a vapour now,
 Impell'd thro' regions dense and rare,
 By all the winds that blow :

Ordain'd, perhaps, ere summer flies,
 Combin'd with millions more,
 To form a rainbow in the skies,
 Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop ! and happy then,
 Beyond the happiest lot,
 Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
 So soon to be forgot.

Phæbus ! if such be thy design,
 To place it in thy bow,
 Give wit, that what is left may shine
 With equal grace below !

EPIGRAM.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn :
 The first in loftiness of thought surpast :
 The next in majesty ; in both the last :
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third she join'd the other two.

Nunc atra fertur gutta per aera,
 Exhausta demum e carcere vitreo,
 Æstuque sublimi vaporum
 Per tenues agitur auras.

Æstas priusquam cesserit, imbrium
 Tu forte guttis addita plurimis,
 Splendebis Iris ; non, ut ante,
 Turpis eris maculisque fæda.

Quæcunque chartas, heu ! nimium breves,
 Ornare guttæ sunt solitæ meas,
 Non sorte tam clara fruentur ;
 Unica tu fueris superstes.

Si, Phæbe ! visum est sumere parvulam
 Hanc guttam, et arcu ponere in aureo,
 Fac gutta quæ restat nitore
 Haud alio salibus coruscet.

J. W. T.

 EPIGRAMMA.

Tres semota procul jactant tria sæcla poetas ;
 Græcis, Italicis, Angliacisque decus :
 Sublimi ingenio primus, gravitate secundus ;
 Tertius egregie summus utrinque fuit :
 Fertur, fessa novo male par Natura labori,
 Tertius ut fièret, composuisse duos.

J. E. W.

MANIAC LOVE SONG.

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing:
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly

thus sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my love
from me! [ruin'd me,

Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! should it please the pitying powers to call me
to the sky,

I'd claim an angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should
I be!

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from
sea;

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be:
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love
might spy; [see:

But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Anonymous.

AMABILIS INSANIA.

Ver erat, orta dies ; audivi forte puellam
 Flebile cantaret quæ malesana melos ;
 Vincula concutiens manibus, sic dulce canebat,
 Daphnin amo, quoniam me, scio, Daphnis amat.
 Crudeles, pelago qui mandavere, parentes ;
 Crudelis, rapuit quæ mihi, navis erat :
 Illius at cari, mea quamvis damna, parentes ;
 Daphnin amo, quoniam me, scio, Daphnis amat.
 Æthereas peterem si, Diis miserantibus, ædes,
 Alitis ut Genii ferre liberet opem !
 Daphnin ego ut lætans circum tutela volarem !
 Daphnin amo, quoniam me, scio, Daphnis amat.
 Lilia mixta rosis et odora cynorrhida multa
 Bellide, pallenti stramine nexa, paro,
 Quam gerat ille redux splendentem nauta coronam ;
 Daphnin amo, quoniam me, scio, Daphnis amat.
 Parvula ceu volucris, facerem si in pectore nidum,
 Si grave sopirem, ceu Philomela, caput ;
 Tota foret merces, oculos spectare decentes ;
 Daphnin amo, quoniam me, scio, Daphnis amat.
 O si aquila in nubes ferrer sublimis ! ut acri
 Lumine dispicerem qua meus esset amor :
 Ah ! iterum, infelix, nulla quem luce videbis !
 Daphnin amo sedenim, me quia Daphnis amat.

G. B.

FROM THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

When, doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts, the
 same,—

Oh! then, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know;
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
 Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age!

What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
 Tell that, when silent years have pass'd away,
 That, when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
 Those busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field;
 And call from Heav'n propitious dews, to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath.

Campbell.

Jack, eating rotten cheese did say,
 Like Samson, I my thousands slay:
 I vow, quoth Roger, so you do;
 And with the self-same weapon too.

Anonymous.

FROM THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Pauperiem sortita gravem sub valle reducta,
 Qua thalamique fides floret, et almus amor;
 Qua corda, humanis ignota atque inscia turbis,
 Luctus in unum, eadem vota, precesque ligant;
 Fatidica, huc risus tecum, spes! adfer amænos,
 Et dolor innocuos qui premit, inde fuga!
 Hic, genitor natis parvam dum dividit escam,
 Quodque nihil donet plus, lacrymatur inops;
 At patris (hoc moneas) olim stirps magna virilis
 Mærorem et senium, triste levabit onus:
 Quod si mella favis non illi Hyblæa liquentur,
 Pur-pureumve undans vestiat uva jugum;
 At taciti (dicas) series quum fugerit ævi,
 Noxque oculos teneat, canitiesque caput,
 Pulerior his manibus casa tum perfecta resurget,
 Contractusque novo flore vigebit ager;
 Roribus et nutrita Dei, spirabit odores
 Arcadicos sterili gleba renata solo.

W. M. G.

Rodens Lupercus caseum putrissimum,
 Vermesque gula plurimos ingurgitans,
 Sum carnifex, clamabat, atque millia
 Samsonus alter lethifer disperdidi:
 Vere, Luperce! millibusque mordicus
 Letum ministro contigit non dispari.

J. W. T.

FROM RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

Thou Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient rock
 Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
 From gods and heroes of the years of yore,
 Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
 Bacchus, or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
 The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
 To stand his everlasting monument.
 Thou saw'st the dark blue waters flash before
 Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
 Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
 Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
 White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd
 With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
 And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
 Curl their long flags out-rolling, and display
 The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy.

Southey.

MORPHEUS.

Morpheus, the humble god that dwells
 In cottages and smoky cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
 And though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

FROM RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

Tu procul adventum vidisti ; jam tibi, Calpe,
 Antiquæ rupes famæ, non nomina sæcli
 Aut deus aut heros veteris dabit : ille Lyæus,
 Centimanus Briareusque, Cronosque et robora
 dextræ

Herculeæ sileant : novus addit nomina victor ;
 Stas memor, æternasque feres in sæcula laudes.
 Funestas anteire vias divisa micanti
 Cærula vidisti fluctu, circumque carinas
 Late cristatas albescere gurgitis undas ;
 Fuscus in umbratis glomeratur cætus arenis.
 Ut Phæbi radiis acies formosa superbit !
 Ut micat armorum fulgor, candentque tiaræ,
 Cælatique auro clypei, Syrioque recurvi
 Spectantur ferro gladii ; dum leniter auræ
 Ludentes vexilla procul fluitantia crispant,
 Carbasaque ostentant titulis male picta nefandis.

W. C. G.

MORPHEUS.

Qui colit fumumque casasque, Morpheus,
 Parvus aurata deus arce, mollique
 Avolat lecto ; refugit coronam,
 Principis idem

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
 Oe'r his wakeful temples shake,
 Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest foe?
 Sleep, that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.

Denham.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY; OR
 THE NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER.

Needy knife-grinder! whither art thou going?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order;
 Cold blows the wind; your hat has got a hole in't,
 So have your breeches.

Needy knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, knives and
 Scissors to grind O!

Tell me, knife-grinder! how you came to grind
 knives;
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it the squire, or the parson of the parish,
 Or the attorney?

Spretor. Huc, oro, fuge, numen ingens !
Plumbeam huc Lethes fer ab amne virgam ;
Et super frontem quate, ne per omne

Dormiat ævum.

Quid tot, heu! summo bona, corpus, hosti
Imputas? pasci libet usque somno ;
Hic idem quanquam sapit, hic idem fit

Denique, leto.

C. S. C.

HUMANI GENERIS AMICUS :

VEL FABER INOPS.

Quo, precor, tendis? faber o miselle!
Ingruunt imbres; via sordet; orbis
Claudicat; braccæ, vetus et galerus,
Dira fatiscunt.

Qui vehi gaudent nitidis quadrigis
Nesciunt quantus labor est fabrorum,
Usque qui cultris renovant acumen,
Forcipibusque.

Unde fit moles gravis hæc laborum ?
Nonne te fastu premit insolenti
Armiger, vel causicus dolosus,
Sive sacerdos ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game, or
Covetous parson, for his tithe distraining,
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

Have you not read the rights of man, by Tom Paine?

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Story—God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir! Only, last night a drinking at the Chequers, This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables they came for to take me into
Custody, they took me before the Justice:
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part I never love to meddle
 With politics, Sir !

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d——d first ;
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
 vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast !

Armiger, quod tu leporem necâris,
 Postulans plus quam decimas sacerdos,
 Jure-consultus pretii gulosus,
 Te cruciavit ?

Dic mihi, quæso, mala quæ tulisti,
 (Dum loquor, guttis oculi madescunt,)
 Nonne novisti nova jura plebis
 Tom-Paniana ?

Eja ! quæ poscis nequeo referre,
 Quin fui potus nimium in popina,
 Inter et rixas lacerata vilis
 Hæc mea vestis.

Me rapit lictor, properatque coram
 Judice infenso; rudis ille judex
 Me velut furem miserum ligari
 Compede mandat.

Ter duos asses mihi da, Benigne !
 Et propinabo tibi mox salutem ;
 Sunt mihi flocci graviora regni,
 Plebis et iræ.

Carnifex ! cui non patriæ dolores,
 Nec fides regum temerata curæ ;
 Sordide et vilis, piger et nefande,
 Accipe calcem !

J. W. T.

SONNET.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
 seize,

If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower!
 The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Milton.

THE CHARM OF TEARS.

When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
 My soul! it reach'd not here:
 Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
 Before a rising tear!
 From midst the drops my love is born,
 That o'er those eyelids rove:
 Thus issued from a teeming wave
 The fabled queen of Love!

Collins,

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Quemcunque forti pectore militem
 Imbellia hæc in limina miserit
 Fortuna, seu parent tribuno
 Agmina, seu metuendus hasta
 Eques superbis, si tibi nobili
 Gaudere gesto contigit, incolam
 Defende crudeli periclo,
 Non meritis cariture donis.
 Namque ille doctis carminibus magus
 Gestis honorem mitibus evocat,
 Nomenque per terram, per undas,
 Quot calido videt orbe Phœbus,
 Vulgabit auctum. Ne viola rudi
 Dilecta Musis cuspide! Quin prius,
 Quum templa nutabantque turres,
 Emathius vetuit perire
 Sacrata vatis limina Pindari;
 Et tuta quondam carmine flebili
 Vox vatis Electræque questus
 Mœnia præstiterunt Athenis.

W. C. G.

 LACRYMARUM ILLECEBRÆ.

Quum mihi lascivum rideret pulcra Lycoris,
 Non, mi anime, *huc risum pertulit illa levem.
 Mira tamen pateris, tua cui, tremebunde, fugatur
 Illius a lacryma pulsa tumente quies!
 Nascitur e mediis quas mollia pectora guttis
 Ista per obducunt lumina noster amor.
 Ficta velut teneræ regina cupidinis udo
 E gravidi fluctûs prodiit ipsa sinu.

G. B.

* Ovid. Amorr. lib. ii, El. ix, 37.

FROM THE THIRD CANTO OF CHILDE
HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose heart of waters proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me !

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Thro' green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine ;—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,

FROM THE THIRD CANTO OF CHILDE
HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Celsa Draconigena turris de rupe minatur,
 Rhenus ubi latis devius errat aquis;
 Per virides ripas et vite rubentia rura
 Gurgitibus vastis unda superba tumet:
 Hinc juga conspicio florentibus obsita ramis,
 Quosque Ceres campos quosque Lyæus amat;
 Hinc premit aëria montes urbs rara corona,
 Et niveum referunt mœnia tincta jubar:
 Suavia tot visu; sed duplex nostra voluptas,
 Si comes erranti tu, mea vita, fores!

At mihi cærulei subridet splendor ocelli,
 Primitias florum tendit amica manus;
 Has peragrant sedes, silvestris turba, puellæ,
 Cingit ubi regum plurima turris iter:
 Murus ubi incanus virides intermicat umbras,
 Aut super impendent æmula saxa poli;
 Despicit aut arcus priscæ præclara ruina
 Florigeram vallem vitiferumque jugum:
 Scilicet hoc Rheni ripis hoc deficit unum,
 Ut tua sit dextræ dextera juncta meæ!

Quæ data sunt nobis hæc nunc tibi lilia mitto;
 Marcida ne fidi rejice dona proci!
 Novimus heu! nimium perituros floris honores,

But yet reject them not as such !
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine e'en here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
 And offer'd from my heart to thine !

Byron.

DREAMS.

I know where the winged visions dwell,
 That round the night-bed play ;
 I know each herb and flow'ret well,
 Where they hide their wings by day :
 Then hasten we, maid ! to twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul, like her, in the shade :
 The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough :
 The visions that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain herb that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.

Ante diu dominæ quam tetigere manum ;
 Illa tamen dilecta mihi, mea vita, fuerunt,
 Obvia nempe oculis illa futura tuis ;
 Forsan et ad nostram tua mens revocata volabit,
 Talia si propius sarta jacere vides ;
 Talia si Rheni decerpta in margine nôsti,
 Muneraque e nostro tradita corde tibi !

A. H.

SOMNIA.

Somnia quas habeant sedes volitantia novi,
 Circa nocturnum ludere sueta torum :
 Quælibet herba mihi nota est, flos quilibet, in quos
 Dormiat alatum, sole micante, genus :
 Nunc igitur, virgo ! properemus nectere sarta ;
 Somnia cras fugiunt, floris abibit honos.

Almus amor, quem casta videt sub nocte puella,
 Prodiit e viola, quam tegit umbra, sua :
 Spe miseros quæ Visa foveat, argentea florum
 Lux alit, in ramis qui sine fronde micant.
 Somnia divitiis splendentia grandibus herbam,
 Quæ capræ dentes aurea tingit, amant ;

The phantom shapes—oh! touch not them!

That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,

That shrieks when torn at night :
Then hasten we, maid! to twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured patient mind,

That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind

Of the cinnamon, sweetest then :
Then hasten we, maid! to twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade !

Moore.

FROM COMUS.

Virgin, daughter of Loctrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand pretty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud :
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore ;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round ;
And, here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Milton.

Quas homicida timet larvas, ah! tangere noli!
 Caulis mandragoræ nocte ululantis habent.
 Nunc igitur, virgo! properemus nectere sarta;
 Somnia cras fugient, floris abibit honos!

Somniolum mentis, quæ læsa quiescit, et ipsos
 Qui cruciant, etiam dum cruciatur, amat,
 Deseruit trito fragrantia cinnama ligno,
 Cinnama vulneribus suavia facta suis:
 Nunc igitur, virgo! properemus nectere sarta;
 Somnia cras fugient, floris abibit honos!

B. H. K.

FROM COMUS.

Virgo, Locrini filia nobilis,
 Anchisis alto de genere, hinc tibi
 Repletus allabatur undis
 Alveus irriguis, et amnes
 Hinc mille puri de niveis jugis
 Liquata reddant jam tibi flumina;
 Nec aura te lædat perusta,
 Nec nimio sitis igne pulcros
 Æstiva crines; nec madidus luto
 Octobris imber polluat alveum;
 Clarisque beryllis et auro
 Perpetuo decorentur undæ:
 Ad astra, circum te, caput arduum
 Corona tollat plurima turrium;
 Myrrhæque, te propter, virentis
 Spiret odor, casiaque saltus.

W. M. G.

FROM THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men
took their flight ;
A mile around the city the throng stopp'd up the
ways,
A fearful sight it was to see through two long nights
and days.

For aged folks on crutches, and women great with
child,
And mothers sobbing over babes that clung to them
and smil'd ;
And sick men borne on litters high on the necks
of slaves,
And troops of sun-burnt husbandmen with reaping
hooks and staves ;

And droves of mules and asses, laden with skins of
wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep, and endless
herds of kine ;
And endless trains of wagons, that creak'd beneath
the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods, chok'd every
roaring gate.

Macaulay.

Interea flavum Tiberim tremere omnia circum,
 Præcipiti Romam confugiente manu :
 Undique plana sui linquentes rura coloni
 Late confertas impediere vias.
 Heu ! miserum visu ; dumque hæc miseranda
 videntur,
 Longa perit bis nox, bis perit ægra dies.
 En ! gravidæ matres, baculoque innixa senectus,
 Flentiaque arridens matris ad ora puer ;
 Ægri sella venit servilibus alta lacertis ;
 Cum falce agricolæ, sole perusta cohors.
 Tum mulique asinique, utres et vina ferentes,
 Tum sine fine pecus, tum sine fine boves :
 Tum sine fine gravi frugum sub pondere plaustra,
 Ut fremat immissis porta referta rotis.

W. C. G.

THE CRUEL MAID.

Now each creature 'joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright ray warms Flora's lap,
Making days and nights both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
My field, of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills :
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she,—O cruel maid !
Doth me and my love despise ;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes ;
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends for love who dies.

Daniel.

NYMPHA CRUDELIS.

Quidquid est, juvans juvatum, nunc dies lætos
agit,

Imbriumque argenteorum lapsum avi refert avis ;
Et novis induta ridet Terra mater floribus,
Ætheris corusca lampas dum sinum Floræ foveat,
Et dies æquatque noctes, arbores succoque alit,
Interim meus aret almi roris exsors hortulus.
Aeris propago, montium hospes, Echo garrula
Scit feræ nomen puellæ, resonat ærumnas meas :
Damnata illa morte amantem, cæteris miserantibus,
Dumque me meamque flammam nymphea contemnit
ferox,

Illius suspensa ocellis vita languescit mea.
Domanus ; amore quisquis interit, bene interit.

B. H. K.

HYMN ;

On Gratitude to God.

When all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh ! how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

HYMNUS

In memorem Dei beneficiorum animum.

Quum meus ascendens animus simul omnia lustrat
 Quæ tuus ignoscens dat favor, alme Deus ;
 Gestit et effertur visu, stupet inde siletque ;
 Tot modo miratur, tot modo laudat, amat.

Quæ poterunt ardore pari Tibi prodere voces,
 Mente pia grates dum taciturnus ago,
 Pectore sub rapto quanti flagret æstus amoris ?
 Pectore sub rapto quem tamen Ipse vides.

Provida servabat vitam tutela recentem,
 Et dabat omnigenam, quod satis esset, opem,
 Matris in obscuro quum mutus ventre jacerem,
 Ubere quum pendens dulce foverer onus.

Invalidi querulis tua dans vagitibus aurem
 Auxilium bonitas ante miserta tulit,
 Quam rudis et nondum mens viribus usa levamen
 Poscere concepta sciret egena prece.

Mille juvans animæ tribuit, solamine dulci,
 Commoda pervigili cura ministra fide,
 Ante novella Tui quam mens bene conscia nôsset
 Tanta mihi de quo commoda fonte forent.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man :

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er ;
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

Florida quum mollis per lubrica tramitis ætas
 Curreret incauto præcipitata gradu,
 Dexterâ me salvum tua, dux occulta, tenebat,
 Membra mihi fierent donec adulta viro.

Retia per tuto, per cæca pericula, mortes,
 Lenis inoffensam muniit illa viam;
 Per magis his diram vera formidine pestem,
 Nequities blanda quos struit arte dolos.

Sæpe genis, morbus domitos quum triverat artus,
 Purpureus nituit, Te reparante, color;
 Sæpe gravi culpis animæ curisque salutem
 Attulit afflatus, Te reparante, tuus.

Ut mihi sors vena rerum felice redundet
 Larga tua voluit copia fusa manu;
 Quumque bonum fidumque super donârit amicum,
 Quam dederat, geminam reddidit illa penum.

Millia donorum decies millesima quovis
 Commemoro magni gratus habenda die;
 Inter et hæc minimum non est, quod corde sereno
 His fruor acceptis lætus ovansque bonis.

Per mihi quot data sint perituræ tempora vitæ
 Multa tua constans de bonitate loquar;
 Et procul in supera, post funera, sede beato
 Materies eadem Tu mihi laudis eris.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more ;
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 For oh ! Eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise !

Addison.

TO THYRZA.

One struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend the heart in twain ;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleas'd before ;
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring !
 Man was not form'd to live alone ;
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none :
 It was not thus, in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou

Ipsaque deficiet tunc quum natura, nec orbem
 Amplius alternis noxque diesque regent;
 Te, Deus! humano generi sine fine benignum
 Semper inexhausto debitor ore colam.

Læta Tibi, mundi pater, arbiter, omne per ævum
 Admonita gaudens carmina voce canam;
 Nam nimis est ævum vel in omne volubilis ætas,
 Ut tua laus omnis dicta sit, ipsa brevis!

G. B.

AD THYRZAM.

Uno nunc opus est nisu, et sum liber ab omni
 Cura cor miserum discruciente meum:
 Poscit amor gemitum simul ac tu pectore ab imo,
 Vivendum est mundi postea muneribus.
 Misceri rebus mihi nunc bene convenit istis,
 Antea quæ cordi non placuere satis;
 Hoc quanquam prorsus fugerunt gaudia mundo,
 Lædere quis possit jam mea corda dolor?

Da mihi vinum igitur, mihi nec convivia desint,
 Nequaquam est genitus vivere solus homo:
 Nullis conquestus, considens omnibus æque,
 Vilis et inconstans, sic ego talis ero;
 Non ita nunc etiam sine curis ducere vitam,
 Non ita visus eram propitiore die,

Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
 Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe :
 The smile, that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night,
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :
 And oft I thought, at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er th' Ægean wave,
 " Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon—"
 Alas ! it gleam'd upon her grave !

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 " 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 " That Thyrsa cannot know my pains : "
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give ;
 Relenting nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrsa ceas'd to live.

Byron.

Sed tu fugisti, viduum me functa relinquens,
 Tu nihil es, mihi sunt omnia deinde nihil.

Frustra læta lyræ modulari carmina tento ;
 Risus, quem fronti vellet adesse dolor,
 Intima discrucians irridet pectora vulnus,
 Pictæ ut dedecorant mæsta sepulchra rosæ.
 Quanquam tristitiæ sensum compotor hebescat,
 Paulisper mergat si mala sæva merum ;
 Incendat quamvis animum malesana voluptas,
 Cor manet intactum lætitiâque negat.

Ignaro placuit mihi quondam sæpe futuri,
 Aspectu cæli nocte silente frui ;
 Ausus enim nimium sperans fidensque putare
 Collucere oculis lumina blanda tuis ;
 Dumque per Ægeos fluctus me prora ferebat,
 Surgens in lætis luna micabat aquis :
 ‘‘ Aspicit hanc lunam,’’ dixi, ‘‘ mea Thyrsa ;’’ sed,
 eheu !

In tumultum radios lux inimica dabat !

Et quando insomnis lectum exitiale premebam,
 Sanguis et ardenti febre perustus erat,
 Clamavi febre in media, ‘‘ solamen habetur,
 ‘‘ Hujus ut angoris nescia Thyrsa manet :’’
 Et veluti servus, senio confectus inertî,
 Jam libertatis munus inane videt,
 Sic natura mihi vitam reddebat eodem
 Tempore quo cessit vivere Thyrsa mihi.

(Contributed.)

TO THE SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky !

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
That nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain,
Twixt thee and thine an everlasting bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet thou dost seem—proud privilege !—to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Where thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony and rapture more divine :
Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Wordsworth.

AD ALAUDAM.

Cælestis cantrix, levis ætheris hospes, alauda !

Num, quod habet curæ pondera, temnis humum?

An, dum summa petunt alæ, tibi lumine fido

Spectanti et fido pectore nidus adest?

Nidus adest, in quem nutu delapsa feraris :

Tum requies alis integra, voxque tacet.

Surge procul spectanda, procul spectantis ocellos

Effuge, surge audax, et cane ! tangit amor

Ille tuus vel nos infra, et tibi dedita rura,

Et vinclum est inter teque tuosque sonus.

Tu tamen, is tibi magnus honor, cantare videris

Libera, nec vernæ poscere frondis opem.

Cede, potes, solitos, Philomelæ cede recessus ;

Nam tibi vel plena luce latere datur :

Unde feris mirantùm aures dulcedine cantûs

Melliflui, qualem cælitus esse decet.

Sic quoque, qui sapiunt, surgunt, nec ubique
vagantur,

Affectant cælum, respiciuntque domum.

W. C. G.

TO AN OAK TREE,

*In the Churchyard of ——— in the Highlands of Scotland, said to
mark the grave of Capt. Wogan, killed in 1649.*

Emblem of England's ancient faith !

Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,

And valour fills a timeless grave.
And thou, brave tenant of the tomb !

Repine not, if our clime deny
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flow'rets of a milder sky :

They owe their birth to genial May ;

Beneath a fiercer sun they pine ;
Before the winter storm decay ;

And can their worth be type of thine ?

No ! for 'mid storms of fate opposing,

Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart ;
And, while despair the scene was closing,

Commenc'd thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,

When England's sons the fight resign'd,
A rugged race resisting still,

And unsubdued though unrefin'd.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,

No holy knell thy requiem rung ;

Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,

Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Sir Walter Scott.

IN QUERCUM,

&c., &c.

Nobilis Angliacæ quondam pietatis imago !
 Diffundas ramos rite superba tuos ;
 Qua tenet æternum virtus invicta sepulchrum,
 Qua jacet immiti morte peremta fides.
 Incola ne doleas humilis fortissime busti,
 Si neget hic cæli florea dona rigor ;
 Vernet honorato si nulla in cespite gemma,
 Quam fovet amplexu mitior aura suo :
 Talia fæcundo Maii prognata calore
 Languor habet Phæbi sub graviore face ;
 Talia brumalis marcent sub flamine nimbi :
 An poterint laudes ista referre tuas ?
 At tibi præcipiti factorum instante procella
 Acrior impavidi pectoris ardor erat ;
 Actaque, fabellæ quum spes dabat irrita finem,
 Heu ! brevior quanquam pars tua, clara tamen.
 Haud alio nostros lustrabas tempore colles,
 Anglica quo mærens poneret arma cohors :
 Barbara te cinxit sed nescia cedere proles,
 Subdita nec cultu, nec subigenda jugo :
 Ultima non flentes tibi detulit hora propinquos,
 Nulla pia sonuit nænia flexa tuba :
 Ad tumulum Galli flebant, braccata caterva ;
 Funereum cecinit buccina rauca melos.

A. H.

BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sate the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
 “ Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 “ 'Tis because resentment ties
 “ All the terrors of our tongues :

“ Rome shall perish ! write that word
 “ In the blood that she has spilt ;
 “ Perish—hopeless and abhorr'd,
 “ Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 “ Tramples on a thousand states ;
 “ Soon her pride shall kiss the ground ;—
 “ Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
 “ Thy prosperity shall sway ;
 “ Where his eagles never flew,
 “ None invincible as they.”

BOADICEA.

Quum fera, Romani sævis lacerata flagellis,
 Consuleret patrios Boadicea deos ;
 Illice sub veteri cantabat fata sacerdos,
 Inque vicem numeros luctus et ira movent.

“ Si tibi flebilius solito illachrymantur ocelli,
 “ Si gravius læso corda pudore tument ;
 “ At sæclis tandem exoritur volventibus ultor,
 “ At vindicta suam postulat atra diem :

“ Roma ruit ! vocat hoc clades indigna tuorum,
 “ Et scelere, et fastu præcipitata, ruit :
 “ Audio, ut ad fractas tonat ingens Attila portas,
 “ Cerno, ut flagrantès fers, Alarice, faces :
 “ Roma ruit ! tuus interea, regina, superstes
 “ Per terram imperium, per mare, sanguis habet.

“ Tum nemora hæc inter, stirps his in montibus
 orta,
 “ Angliaci late fulmina Martis agent ;
 “ Quo nunquam indomiti penetrârint Cæsaris arma,
 “ Quo nunquam Romæ dira volârit avis.”

C.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;—
 Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud ;
 “ Heaven awards the vengeance due :
 “ Empire is on us bestowed,
 “ Shame and ruin wait on you !”

Cowper.

FROM “MAUD.”

Rivulet, crossing my ground,
 And bringing me down from the hall
 The garden rose that I found,
 Forgetful of Maud and me,
 And lost in trouble, and moving round
 Here at the bend of a tinkling fall,
 And trying to pass to the sea;—
 O rivulet, born at the hall,
 My Maud has sent it by thee,
 (If I read her sweet will right,)
 On a blushing mission to me,
 Saying, in odour and colour, “ Ah ! be
 Among the roses to-night !”

Tennyson.

Talia cantabat fatorum præscius augur,
 Grandisonæ pulsans dulcia fila lyræ;
 At regina novo mox fertur in arma furore,
 Objectatque hosti jam moribunda minas:

“Ultror adest: — meritasque dabis, sævissime!
 pænas;
 Vult ita cælicolum rex, Britonumque Deus:
 Nobis fata dabunt factis extendere nomen,
 Vos tamen exitium triste, pudorque manet.”

[The last six lines have been added by the EDITOR.]

FROM “MAUD.”

Villæ suave decus detulit hanc rosam
 Qui decurrit agros rivulus in meos;
 At flos, Calliopes immemor et mei,
 Vexatur medio turbine gurgitis,
 Et torrentis inops margine nititur
 Misceri pelago: rivule, qui meæ
 Villa Calliopes ducis originem,
 Hanc te ferre rosam (si bene virginis
 Mentem percipio) jussit, ut eloquens
 Tanquam vox sit odor, vox rubor, admonens,
 “Expectant socium vespere te rosæ.”

J. S. P.

"IN MEMORIAM."

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sailest the placid ocean-plains,
With my lost Arthur's lov'd remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain : a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn !

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run :
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Tennyson.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Navis, reliquias quæ tibi creditas
 Dilecti ah! nimium per placidum mare
 Litus respiciens transvehis Italum,
 Plenos pande, precor, sinus :

Nostrum et redde suis vana dolentibus :
 Sic, mali pelago subter imaginem
 Inversam horrificans, det Zephyrus piam
 Urnam per vada devehi.

Sic te nec Boreas urgeat infremens
 Tota nocte, novo candida dum dies,
 Ut non noster amor candidior, trabes
 Tingat lumine roscidas :

Sic proræ faveat, quotquot habet, polus
 Circum sidereas adglomerans faces ;
 Et ventus facilis dormiat, ut meus
 Dormit, pars animæ meæ :

Quem non ante datur visere quam mihi
 Decursi fuerint heu! viduo dies,
 Qui, nato ut genetrix, carus eras, eras
 Frater fratre placens magis.

H. A. H.

PAN.

Sing his praises, that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep :
 And, arm in arm,
 Tread we softly in a round,
 While the neighbouring hollow ground
 Fills the music with her sound.

Pan ! O great god Pan ! to thee
 Thus do we sing :
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young spring ;
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place day doth unyoke !

Beaumont and Fletcher.

ANACREONTIC.

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the rosy wine :
 Think not that we will take the cup,
 From any hand but thine :
 A draught like this 'twere vain to seek ;
 No grape can such supply ;
 It steals its tints from Leila's cheek,
 Its brightness from her eye.

PAN.

Laudibus Divum, gregibus salutem,
 Pana, custodemque ovium paternum,
 Efferant omnes, manibusque junctis,
 Quisque choream

Ducat assuetam, pede dum protervo
 Pulsa gaudentes cava reddit ictus
 Terra, sylvestrisque replet canora
 Murmura saltus.

Tale, Pan! O Pan! tibi, magne Dive!
 Reddimus carmen; comites amatos
 Integros serva, vitioque puros,
 Veris ad instar;

Sic tuum semper decus efferatur,
 Inde, qua Phœbus sibi mane jungit,
 Ad locum, fessos ubi solvit idem
 Vespere currus.

W. M. G.

ANACREONTICUM.

Huc, nobis exple largos, Amarylli, culullos,
 Profer purpureum, pulcra ministra, merum.
 Ne credas posthac sumpturos pocla sodales,
 Ni manibus fuerint suppeditata tuis.
 Huic similem frustra potor quæsiverit haustum,
 Non tales succos quælibet uva dabit;
 Detrahit roseos Amaryllidis ore colores,
 Splendorem ex oculis surripuisse reor.

F. E. G.

TIME.

Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it pass'd away?

“Know'st thou not me?” the deep voice cried,
 “So long enjoyed, so oft misused,
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused?”

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish and decay.

Redeem thine hours! the space is brief,
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver;
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever.”

Sir Walter Scott.

“RARELY, RARELY COMEST THOU, &c.”

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?

TEMPUS.

Quid tibi, curve senex, hirsuta squalide fronte,
 Ante ruinosam cura sedere domum ?
 An tibi avitus honos et gloria prisca recursat,
 An subito eversæ tristia fata gemis ?

“Men’ ergo,” clamat vox rauca sedentis, amico
 “Me toties usus tam male nôsse negas ?
 Ille ego, quem votis optas modo, negligis idem,
 Et querulâ incusas mobilitate mali.

Ille ego, cui pereunt homines hominumque labores,
 Non secus ac clara lina perusta face ?
 Ille ego, cui crescunt, decrescunt, regna vicissim,
 Quo duce conduntur, quo peritura vigent ?

Tu vero repara, quod erit reparabile, tempus ;
 Donec in hoc stillant grana minuta globo ;
 Tristia sive feres seu læta, ea fine carebunt,
 Non iterum visum quum tibi Tempus ero.”

H. A. H.

“RARELY, RARELY COMEST THOU, &c.”

Raro Diva potens lætitiæ venis !
 Me quid nocte vaga, quid medio die
 Solam destituisti ?

Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 E'en the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Shelley.

FROM "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

The clouds that wrap the setting sun,
When Autumn's softest gleams are ending,
Where all bright hues together run,
 In sweet confusion blending:—
Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To Fancy's eye their motions prove,
They mantle round the Sun for love.

Væ ! quot tædia noctium
 Te rapta ex oculis, quot trahimus dies !
 Te jam semianimis qua repetam prece,
 Quæ ridere dolores
 Lætos inter et integros,
 Malis, Diva levis ! scilicet omnium
 Ni te non careant immemor ? heu ! velut
 Frons invisâ lacertæ
 Umbra quam tremula premit,
 Sic luctus animos percutiunt tuos,
 Sic, ut tristitiæ te gemitus nimio
 Culpârit fugientem,
 Culpam nec tamen audies.

A. H.

 IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Fine sub auctumni, quum jam sol mitigat ictus,
 Et lentas visa est nectere sæpe moras,
 Inter amicorum discrimina mille colorum,
 Occiduæ nubes addita multa viæ ;
 Dic age, qui spectas sinuosa volumina ferri,
 Cur ipsis animam nubibus esse putas ?
 Falleris, an blandi quia vis percellit amoris,
 Auricomum amplexu circumiêre Deum ?

When up some woodland dale we catch
 The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
 Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
 His chime of endless motion ;
 Still, as the surging waves retire,
 They seem to grasp with strong desire,
 Such signs of love old ocean gives,
 We cannot choose but think he lives.

Keble.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD !

Come into the garden, Maud !
 For the black bat night has flown ;
 Come into the garden, Maud !
 I am here at the gate alone,
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon,
 All night has the casement-jessamine stirr'd

Vicina si forte vagans in valle viator,
 Unde procul facies ridet amæna maris,
 Ille susurrantes spectat sine fine cachinnos,
 Et stupet et placitos excipit aure modos :
 Fallitur, an, refluas utcunque resorbeat undas,
 Commovet Oceani pectus anhelus amor ?
 Scilicet, haud dubiam speciem quia præbet amantis,
 Hinc facile est animam credere inesse mari.

H. A. H.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD !

Hortum, Lydia, jam petas ;
 Nox sese veluti noctua condidit :
 Rursus, Lydia, te voco,
 Hanc qui solus adhuc sto prope januam.
 Thus jam spargitur e rubis,
 Maturasque frequens prodit odor rosas.

Frondes aura quatit recens,
 Attollitque facem stella Cupidinis,
 Quæ jam solvitur in jubar,
 Phæbi quem cupiit solvitur in jubar,
 Cælo fulta hyacinthino,
 Extinguetur ubi luce lubens sua.

Junctam cum fide tibiam
 Hauserunt vigiles et citharam rosæ,
 Et vitis tremuit pedum

To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

Tennyson.

FROM "LAODAMIA."

The wished for wind was given ; I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea ;
And if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we have trod—these fountains,
flowers;
My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
 “Behold, they tremble! haughty their array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to die!”

In soul I swept th' indignity away :—
Old frailties then recurr'd : but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

Wordsworth.

Pulsu noctivagûm pensilis ad fores,
 Donec vox avis excitæ
 Et devexa tulit Luna silentium.

J. S. P.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Aura favet votis : ibi cœpi oracula divôm
 Volvere, dum tacitas navis araret aquas :
 Ergo me primum Graiorum e mille carinis,
 Iliacum liceat me tetigisse solum :
 Prima premet, dixi, hæc, nisi dux sit dignior, oram
 Prora : meo tingam sanguine primus humum.

At tua quum viduæ succurrit imago maritæ,
 Obstupui ; tantus sauciat ossa dolor :
 In te mens hæret sola ; tot et illa recursant
 Læta, quibus nobis sors dedit una frui :
 Tot cœptæ turres, nova mænia, devia silvæ,
 Fontes que et noti florea dona soli.

Mox subit — hosti animos addit mora nostra
 sinitque,
 “ En ! socii,” clamet, “ turba superba pavent :
 “ Magna acies, nec quisquam audet se opponere
 morti !”

Indignum ast animus respuit ipse nefas :
 Tum quoque sollicitat pavor ille ; sed altior instat
 Mens, acuitque manum fortia facta sequi.

H. A. H.

NORTHERN SPRING.

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow ;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still ;
But, ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast :
Thick roll'd the clouds ; and genial rain
Pour'd the wide deluge o'er the plain :
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
Oh ! 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of Northern land !
It warms not there, by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, th' uncertain breeze ;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light ;
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground :
Return'd from regions far away,
The red wing'd throistle pours his lay ;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
As the breeze whistles through his wing ;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heath-cock claps his wing, and crows.

Herbert's Helga.

VER BOREALE.

Vides ut alto constiterit gelu
 Constricta rupes, vespere proximo ?
 Cursuque Sol undis peracto
 Purpureus latuit, nec auræ
 Admurmuravit spiritus ; at prius
 Sol quam renato lumine fulserat,
 Mutârat en ! illapsa frontem
 Ala Noti faciemque cæli.
 Densantur alto nubila ; funditur
 Lætos per agros imber aquarius,
 Jam rursus apparentque valles,
 Et virides renovantur horti.
 Calorque, mirum ! suavis amabilem
 Producit annum : crediderim, cito
 Axem sub Arctoum, novata
 Non sine Diis redit hora verna.
 Hic nix liquescit non dubia vice,
 Tardo nec instat temperies gradu ;
 Phæbique mirantes ocellos
 Vivida fax ferit, et virentem
 Florentia ornant gramina cespitem,
 Flores et illic vi magica nitent ;
 Alaque libratus rubenti
 Dat modulus alia reversus
 Tellure turdus ; ver canit ardua
 Stridentem hirundo dum secat aera ;
 Nivesque dum cantat solutas,
 Penna agili strepit attagena.

W. M. G.

SONNET.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For previous friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Shakspeare.

H O P E.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends his heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Utcunque mecum solus in mentem vocans
 Priscos remetior dies,
 Tunc, expetebam spe quot irrita, subit
 Desiderare denuo;
 Interque fletus, quos prius flêram, nova
 Moræ queri dispendia:
 Propter sodales, nocte mersos perpeti
 Tunc insolens madet gena,
 Et exoletis rursus uror ignibus,
 Amissa rursus conqueror:
 Curæ recursant, plurimas quot hauseram,
 Et imputandis denuo,
 Quot imputâram jam diu, suspiriis
 Omnis recensetur dolor;
 Tua sed imago si recursat interim,
 Sodalium carissime,
 Resarciuntur damna: curaque et dolor
 Facessit omnis illico.

H. A. H.

S P E S .

Pænas daturi sanguine, in ultima
 Vel morte constans, spes animum fovet;
 Et voce solatur, monetque
 Per medias tolerare pænas:

Spes, ut pusillæ lux vaga lampadis,
 Fati benignè lætificat viam,
 Utque umbra densatur, micanti
 Splendidior radio coruscat.

J. D. C.

VERSES PRINTED IN THE FLY-LEAF OF
KING EDWARD VI. BIBLE.

- Is. 12, 3. Here is the Spring where waters flowe
49, 10. To quench the heate of Sinne ;
- Rev. 21, 16, 22, 17. Here is the Tree where Trueth doth growe
- Jer. 33, 15. To leade our lives therein ;
- Ps. 119, 160. Here is the Judge who shuts the strife
- Rev. 2, 7, 22, 2. When mens devices faile ;
- Ps. 119, 142, 144. Here is the bread that feeds the life
- Joh. 6, 35. That deathe cannot assaile.
- Luke 2, 10. The tidings of Salvation deare
- Come to our ears from hence ;
- Eph. 6, 16. The fortresse of our Faithe is here
- And shield of our defence.
- Matt. 7, 6. Then be not like the hogge that hath
- A pearl at his desire,
- 2 Pet. 2, 22. And takes more pleasure in the trough
- And wallowing in the mire.
- Matt. 6, 22. Reade not this Booke in any case
- But with a single eye :
- Psal. 119, 27, 73. Reade not but first desire God's grace
- To understonde thereby.
- Jude, 20. Pray still in faith with this respect
- To fructify therein,
- Psal. 119, 11. That knowledge may bring this effect
- To mortify thy Sinne ;
- Joshua 1, 8. Then happy thou in all thy life
- Ps. 1, 1, 2. What so to thee befalls,
- Ps. 24, 12, 13. Yea doubly happy shalt thou be,
- When God by death thee calls.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Hic nobis latices exundant fonte perenni ;
 Alget in his undis febris anhela mali.
 Fructubus hic floret sinceris arbor opima,
 Vivere sub cujus tegmine quemque decet.
 Præsidet hic judex, doctus componere lites
 Quas sane ars hominum solvere nulla potest.
 Panis et hic nostram vitam qui pascit egenam,
 Nec sinit æternæ mortis obire diem.
 Fungitur officio liber hic præconis ubique,
 Perpetuæ pacis munera læta ferens.
 Extat et hic nobis caræ tutela salutis,
 Quæ nos ut scutum præsidiumque tegat.
 Noli igitur similem porco te ferre profano,
 Sponte sua gemmam qui terit usque ferox.
 Hunc magis illuviem spurcam sorbere juvabit,
 Expletum dapibus deliciisque luti.
 Perlege verba Dei, tamen hæc sit norma legendi,
 Semper ut ingenuâ simplicitate legas.
 Dum legis, arcanum nil prodest quærere verum,
 Desuper auxilio si labor ipse caret.
 Doctior ut quanto fueris, tua vita precare
 Tanto sit melior, dum fugit usque dies.
 Felix quisquis eris, sic tu nova gaudia carpes,
 Quot venient anni te Deus ipse docet.
 Tandem cum posthac exutâ carne resurges,
 In cælo vives, terque beatus eris.

J. W. T.

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